

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



By Appointment
Toilet Soap Makers
to H.M. King George VI

Fine English Soaps

in the

Bronnley

Tradition

BEST FOR
A GUEST

Bass

TRADE MARK

★ CIGARETTES by ABDULLA ★

BY APPOINTMENT



H.M. KING GEORGE VI

COURVOISIER
Cognac

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON

★★★ and V.S.O.P.

Keeps Good Company

FOURNISSEUR BREVETÉ



DE SA M. L'EMPEREUR

PADDY

OLD IRISH WHISKY

London Agents :

Coverdale & Co. Ltd., London House, 3, New London St., London, E.C.3

FOR SWEET BREATH AND HEALTHY TEETH - USE

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE
from all chemists



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE

RONUK

POLISHES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION **LTD.**

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King George VI



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King Frederik IX



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King Gustaf V



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
The Queen of the Netherlands

Precious moments

Through four generations

CHERRY HEERING has
witnessed as well as created many
precious moments.

To-day, supplies are still not unlimited,

but this old Danish delight will

grace your day whenever and wherever

you meet with it.



CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818



**GOLFING
NEWS**



BAG BOY

1951 MODEL
LIGHTER · STRONGER
MORE COMPACT

New features have been based on reports from every golf course, where BAG BOY has become famous for its lightness, manoeuvrability and ease of folding. The only golf cart with **INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION** to protect your favourite clubs from jolts.

But it will
nourishes
get along
all!
Apparen
adopted th
approach
so many
indulging
which gets
of their lef
swing, wil
ing uncert
hope in the
again int
position.
dervish 'st
middle-age
appears to
in this co
of the rei
restricted
understand
best of thi
short appro
forgets to p
golf.

Bag Boy

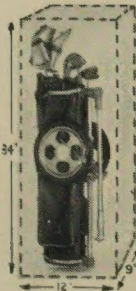
The World's finest Golf Cart.
Ask your professional to show
you one. Also available from
Sports Stores.

£7 10s. 0d.

Plus £1 17s. 6d. P.T.

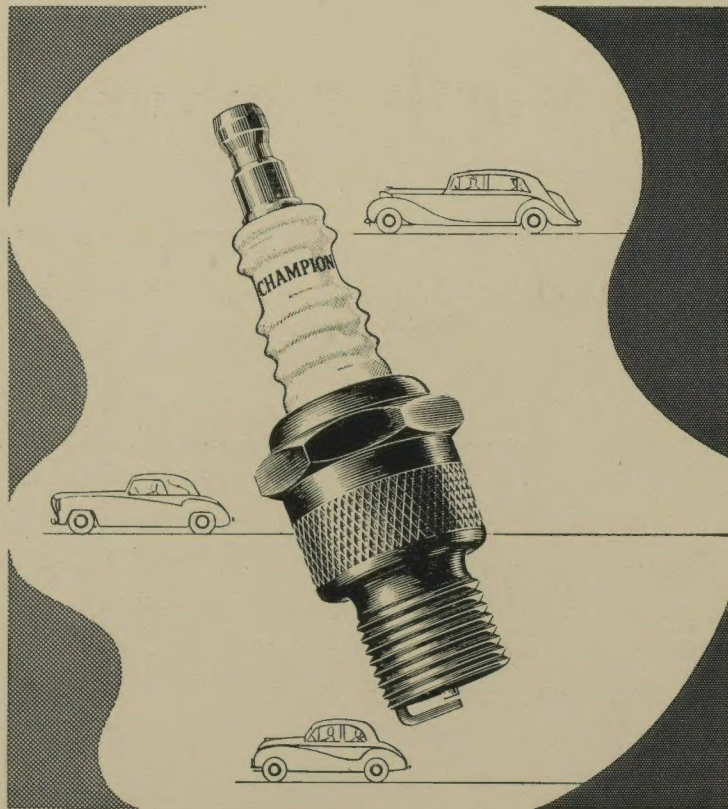
(Plus 12/6 surcharge due to
increased material cost.)

U.K. Manufacturers & Exporters:—



**AFTER PLAY
FOLDS AWAY**

into standard 12" locker, or car. Simple
press-stud action, no bolts or screws to
get lost. Handle folds down, closed
in 6 seconds. Handle adjustable for
correct balance. Engineered in strong
dural aluminium yet total weight only
10½ lbs. Perfect balance is further
ensured by the three-point 25-in. **INDE-
PENDENT SUSPENSION** (each wheel
independently sprung). Available with
pneumatic or air-cushioned Dunlop
12 in. x 1½ in. tyres. **GUARANTEED
SIX MONTHS.**



FOR QUALITY AND DEPENDABILITY

CHAMPION

PLUGS

A.C. CARS LTD. · THAMES DITTON · SURREY

D64

*It's undoubtedly
a Daimler—*



BY APPOINTMENT
Motor Car Manufacturers
To H.M. King George VI

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED • COVENTRY

*In harmony with its graceful background . . . modern exponent of style and elegance, this Daimler Consort is the car you will be proud to own. Restyled on the famous 2½-litre chassis, classic perfection of body styling and line matches the fine engineering craftsmanship. Improved performance comes from hypoid bevel rear axle, giving extra ground clearance, larger hydro-mechanical brakes and, of course, Daimler fluid transmission and pre-selective gear change**

*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents

That's worth knowing—

"I always thought there wasn't much difference between tyres."

"Well, as I say, I've been driving a car most of my life and I'd pick Firestone every time. There's a lot of difference, believe me . . ."

There's a very big difference. Take materials for a start: Firestone buy only materials which have passed the most uncompromising tests in their own laboratories. Only one quality is good enough . . . Firestone quality. Take production: a Firestone tyre at every stage of its manufacture is tested and re-tested by the most critical technicians in the industry. Their standards are simple . . . 100% or nothing. Take finished tyres: what was proved in the factory Firestone's test engineers prove afresh in the field—on every kind of surface Firestone tyres must take the rough with the smooth—that's what Firestone tyres have to face. That is why Firestone produce tyres of such consistently high quality.

Firestone

are such consistently good tyres!



CAR TYRES • TRUCK TYRES • TRACTOR TYRES • CYCLE & MOTOR CYCLE TYRES

In good Hotels



*Make friends
with
Martell*
COGNAC

THREE STAR

CORDON BLEU

Wining & Dining

SOON AFTER THE HOUR OF NOON, and again when the set time of dinner draws nigh, a tide of guests sets towards the Connaught Rooms. The Connaught Rooms is a peculiarly English institution—if, indeed, tradition be not the better word. No other capital city possesses a group of banqueting rooms, all housed under one roof, equipped to cope with anything from a dozen up to a thousand guests. A staff in a position to draw on a wealth of banqueting experience unequalled anywhere in the world ensures that food, wines, and, above all, service, is beyond reproach.

CONNAUGHT ROOMS
are
Banqueting Rooms



We're not stretching
a point . . .



. . . when we say that no tobacco gives so much smoking pleasure, such true economy as Four Square. Vacuum packed fresh from the blender's table, Four Square is good to the last pipeful, burns cool and sweet to the last shred. Get an ounce of your favourite blend and see for yourself!

FOUR SQUARE

Mixtures, cut cakes, navy cut and curlies. 4/1½d. and 4/5½d. oz.

SIX VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY



FOR **Acid Indigestion**

SO QUICK to relieve acidity

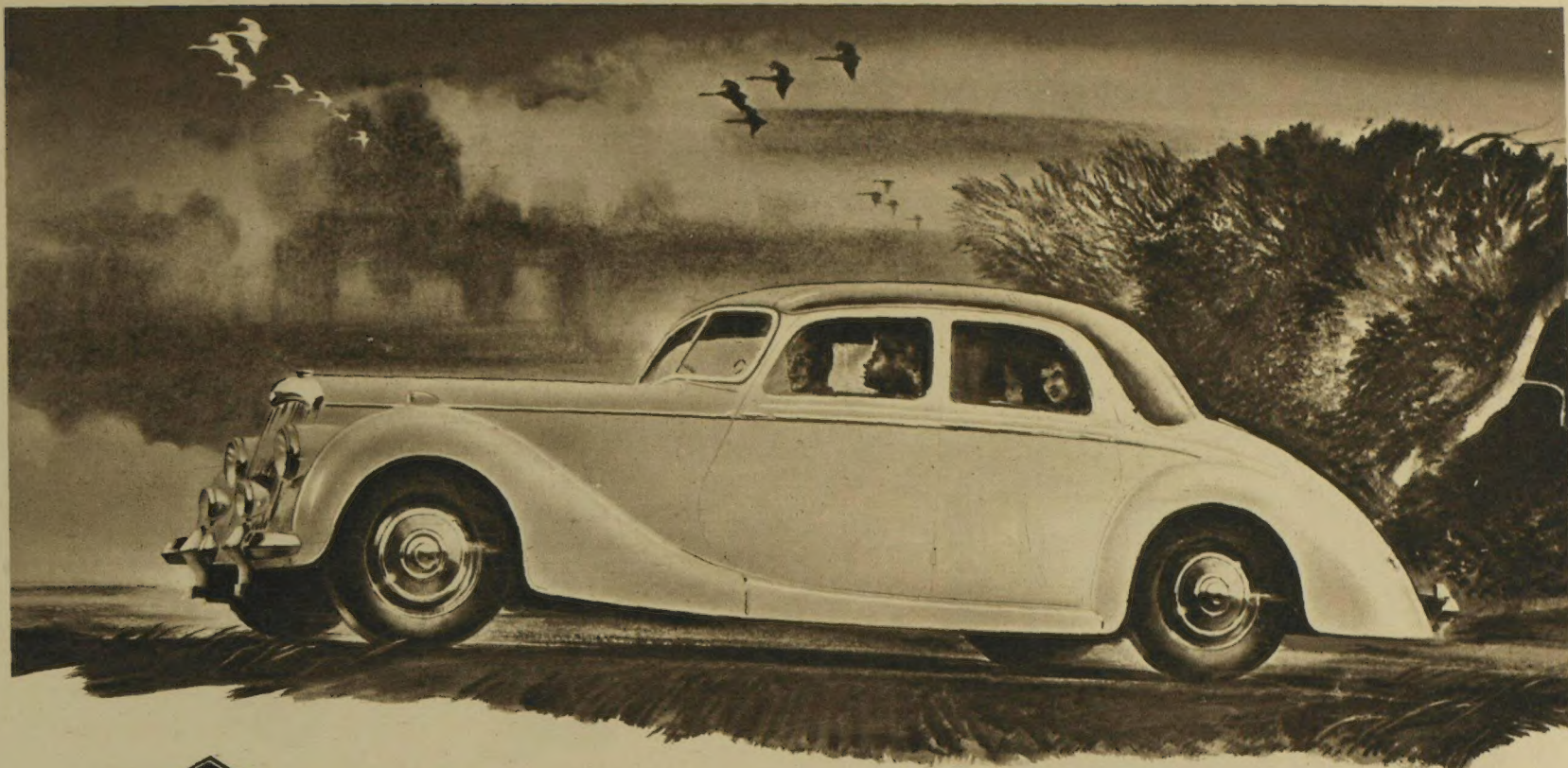
SO PLEASANT to taste

SO HANDY for pocket or bag

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/3 • 75 Tablets 2/6 • 150 Tablets 4/6

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.



Riley
for Magnificent
Motoring

100 h.p. 2½ litre Saloon. 1½ litre Saloon.

The car you want to stay in . . .

It's so pleasant to be in the driving seat of a Riley where you are master of exciting engine power, a steering system that is a sheer joy to handle and brakes that are always ready to turn surprise into complete safety. It's so pleasant to handle this individually-built car of distinctive character that you are always rather sorry to get out of it.

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD. London Showrooms: "RILEY CARS," 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



An easy way to ask for the best

Call for "Black & White" whenever you ask for Scotch.

There is no better way of indicating that only the best will do for you. Blended in the special "Black & White" way this fine Scotch has no superior.

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

More or less for a suit?

The price of good clothes has risen and may rise again. What is it to be, then? Will you pay more for the same suit? Or will you search for a *passable* suit at your accustomed price?

When the search fails, there is this to console you: the suit made by a good West End tailor is admittedly and regrettably expensive*—but it is worthwhile. It keeps its shape, ages comfortably, does you credit unobtrusively. It is, in fact, an investment—and an unusually sound one

*40-odd guineas which, with us, at present includes purchase tax



By Appointment
Naval Outfitters to
H.M. The King
ESTABLISHED 1785

Gieves

Limited

27 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Edinburgh • Liverpool • Bath • Portsmouth • Southampton • Londonderry
Bournemouth • Gibraltar • Weymouth • Plymouth • Chatham • Malta

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S SCOTTISH EXHIBITION



Against a background
of the famous
Dewar collection of
pictures and historical
exhibits
Marshall & Snelgrove
present the elite of
Scottish merchandise

ALL ROUND PLEATED SKIRT
WITH MATCHING SCARF
IN AUTHENTIC TARTANS

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET ♦ LONDON W.1



BY APPOINTMENT MEDALLISTS
SPINK & SON LTD.
EST. 1772



Soapstone group of Lan Ts'ai-ho, goddess of flowers, seated on a Buddhist Lion.
Ch'ien Lung 1736-1795 A.D. Height: 14 inches.

Spink & Son, Ltd

DEALERS IN CHINESE ART, SILVER & JEWELLERY,
CLASSICAL ANTIQUITIES, PICTURES & DRAWINGS,
COINS, MEDALS & DECORATIONS.

5, 6 & 7, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.

Tel: Whitehall 5275 • Cables: Spink, London.

We are exhibiting at the Antique Dealers' Fair at
Grosvenor House—June 6th—21st. Stand No. 1

Sheltered

as in a hermetically
sealed glass balloon

The

**CYMA
TRIPLEX**

movement

owes its successful protection
against DUST and DIRT
to the perfect construction of
its specially built case.



CYMA

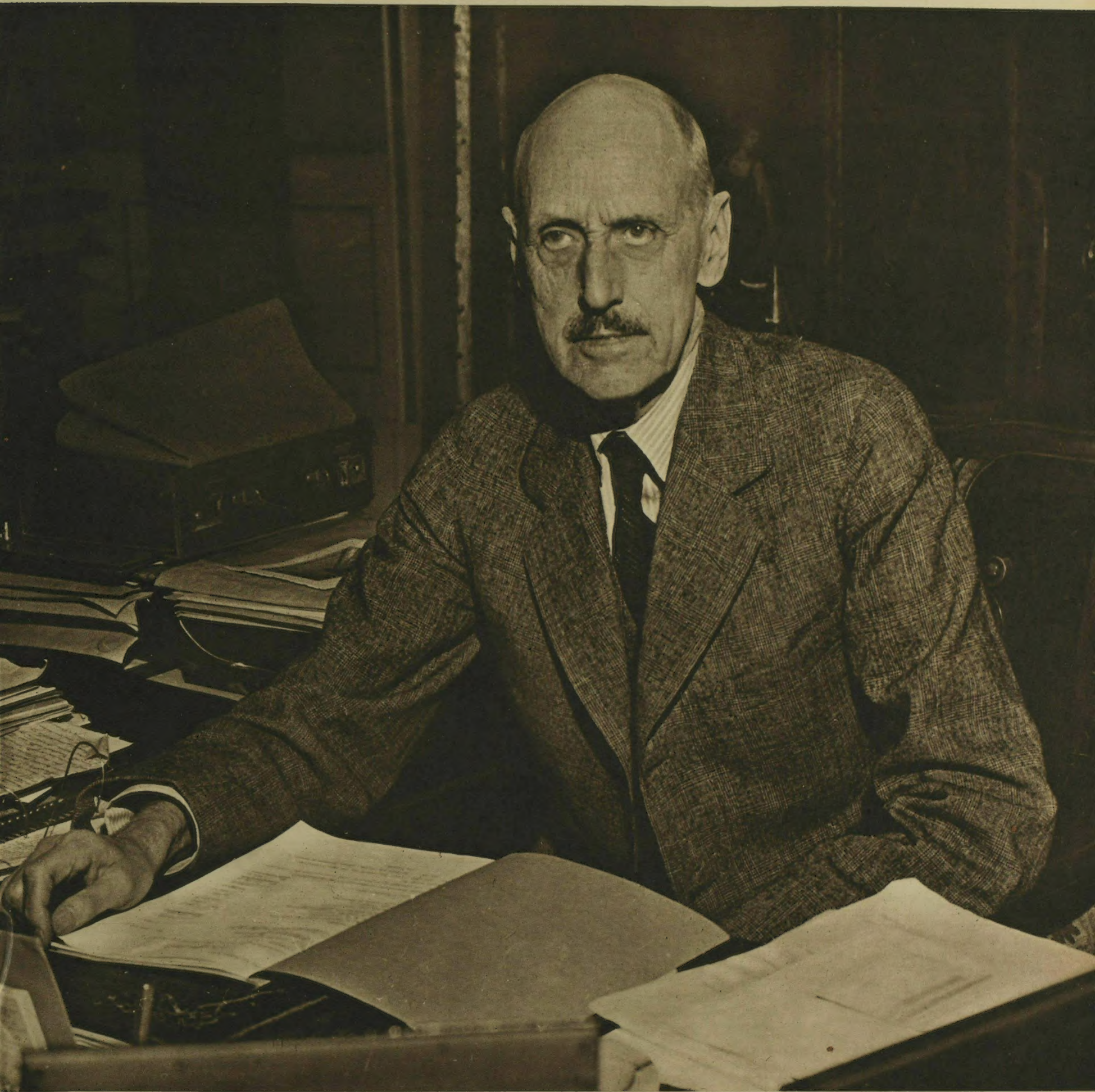
TRIPLEX

SHOCK-ABSORBER • DUSTPROOF • NON-MAGNETIC
WORLD'S FINEST WATCH FOR ALL CLIMATES AND ROUGH WEAR

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1951.



THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL VISIT TO BRITAIN: HIS MAJESTY KING HAAKON VII., WHO HAS CLOSE TIES WITH THIS COUNTRY AND IS MUCH BELOVED IN HIS OWN. A RECENT INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH.

King Haakon VII. of Norway was due to arrive on a three-day State visit to Britain on June 5 in the Royal yacht *Norge*. His Majesty, who was elected King of Norway by the Storting in November, 1905, has many personal links with this country. On July 22, 1896, when he was twenty-three, he married Princess Maud, the third daughter of Edward VII., at Buckingham Palace and spent his honeymoon at Appleton House, near Sandringham, in Norfolk. In subsequent years the Prince and Princess paid regular visits there, although their permanent residence was in Copenhagen, and their only child, the Crown

Prince Olav, was born there in 1903. Although neutral in World War I., King Haakon led his people in their fight against German aggression in World War II., first in Norway and then from his headquarters in London. On June 7, 1945, he returned to Norway, where he received a tumultuous welcome from his people. King Haakon is an uncle-by-marriage of King George VI. and in 1947 visited London to attend the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and later was one of the sponsors at the christening of Prince Charles. His Majesty is an Honorary Admiral in the Royal Navy.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE parallel between events before the last war and those of the past few years is naturally present in many minds at the moment. It is a disquieting one. Then, as now, there was little doubt on which side right lay; there was even less on which side lay might. As event succeeded event, the aggressor became more and more outrageous and more and more successful. He went from aggression to aggression and success to success. Those who resisted him, however loudly they talked, succumbed when he replied with bombs and bullets. They could not reply in the same language because they lacked the means to do so—the bombs and bullets—and, to be frank, in most cases the resolution and discipline with which to use them. The virtuous had disarmed, partly out of loose thinking, but still more out of laziness and selfishness. They were prepared to talk for the cause of right but not to prepare and deny themselves in order to be able to defend it. Or not, at any rate, until it was too late or almost too late to do so. But for the English Channel and the existence of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force, the whole of Western democratic civilisation would have perished in 1940. I doubt whether even the United States of America could in that event have survived.

Manchuria, Abyssinia, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France: it was a melancholy procession, and one not halted until the late summer of 1940, when the R.A.F. defeated the Luftwaffe over southern England and the Channel and the Royal Navy kept Hitler's invasion fleet from putting to sea. For nine years there were no victories for the defenders of political democracy and the geographical *status quo*, only repeated defeats. I have not included Spain in my catalogue, because the Spanish Civil War was not the straightforward affair that many in this country supposed it to be. A victory in Spain, whether for Communism or Liberalism—and the latter seemed to have little real existence off the platform—would not, as it turned out, have served the Allied cause in the global war that followed so well as a victory for the traditional and Catholic forces. Spanish neutrality in 1940, 1941 and 1942 was quite as valuable as Turkey's; had either of these countries gone the way of Poland and Hungary, it is difficult to see how we could have survived or, at any rate won, the war.

A similar procession of aggressive and successful acts on the one side and of unavailing protests on the other began again almost as soon as the late war was over. It continued uninterrupted until the time of the Berlin Air Lift, which alone prevented the elimination of the Western enclave in the isolated German capital. But this—happily a resistance to the course of aggression which entailed no fighting—did not stop the sinister march of events. Then, in the summer of 1950, after the invasion of South Korea, came President Truman's dramatic intervention. He did something which, done by President Roosevelt in 1938 or 1939, might have changed the course of history. But, though the United States was scarcely any better prepared in 1950 than it had been a dozen years earlier, the apocalyptic experience of the '40's had revolutionised American opinion and advanced America's political growth by half a century. What Roosevelt, for all his prescience, commanding genius and love for humanity, could not do, Truman could. It required great courage and resolution—qualities which this unassuming and apparently quite ordinary man showed. But it did not require, as an earlier intervention by America would have done, a political miracle. And it brought the aggressor up with a start.

No one in the democratic West wanted this war in Korea; everyone in the democratic West wishes to see it at an end. It is a war which can

offer nothing but a negative result to those who are fighting it in defence of international law and political liberty. It is a cruel and seemingly needless waste of precious blood and treasure. Yet it is quite possible that, when the troubled present recedes and the events of our confused age can be seen in their true perspective, it will appear as one of the most significant wars in human history. For if it should succeed in its object and avert the recurrence of world war, it will have done more good for humanity than any other conflict of which I can think. It does not, of course, follow that it will succeed in that object; many people in this country, and far more in America, fear that it will not; what people believe about it in Russia probably matters little, for there the future is shaped, not by public opinion, but by the will of an omnipotent Party caucus. But there is at least a chance that the war in Korea may alter that will and, by making it clear that world dominion can only be won at the expense of a terrible and mutual destruction whose end cannot be predicted, may cause the men of the Kremlin to draw back from their perilous path before it is too late. The

A GREAT POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN CAPE TOWN.



MARCHING TO PARLIAMENT TO PROTEST AGAINST THE SEPARATE REPRESENTATION OF VOTERS BILL: FORMER MEMBERS OF THE SERVICES IN A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAPE TOWN.

A demonstration in Capetown on May 28 against the coloured voters Bill, which is regarded as an unconstitutional move, developed into one of the greatest political demonstrations ever seen in that city. A torchlight procession of 10,000 ex-Servicemen marched through the streets of Capetown in protest against the Government Bill to segregate coloured voters and their representatives. Dense crowds of spectators watched the marching men and cheered the two leaders, Group-Captain "Sailor" Malan, the Battle of Britain pilot, and "Uncle Dorp" de la Rey, the Boer War general. The early stages of the demonstration were orderly, but discipline among the excited coloured crowds broke when the deputation reached the steps of the Parliament building to hand over the resolutions carried by the marchers. When the crowd seemed to be getting out of hand the police charged, and during the rioting fifteen policemen and thirty-three other persons were injured. Fifteen plate-glass windows were smashed and part of the railing round the Dutch Reformed Church was broken down.

every rational man, not blinded by political prejudice or wishful thinking, can now be absolutely certain; the events of the past six years have made it crystal clear. Those who rule Russia and control the Third International are resolved to impose their will on as large a section of the globe as they can compass and, if possible, the whole of it, and, as they have repeatedly shown, are both willing and able to use force—of every kind—for that purpose. There is no need to argue whether they are ideologically right or wrong to wish to do so; the sole point at issue, in this tragic matter of war or peace, is whether we and the rest of the non-Communist or non-Russian world are prepared to let them impose their will. If we are not—if, that is, we wish to rule our own lives in some other way than that desired by the Kremlin—we must prove our readiness and ability to resist such dictation by force of arms. Nothing else can prevent it. Whether our doing so will prevent war depends in the last resort on the Kremlin. But I would at least hazard a guess, based on Russian history and the record of the shrewd, calculating men who now govern her. Unless she is foolishly and wantonly humiliated, Russia will only enter upon a major war if this little handful of men are fairly sure that she will emerge from that war victorious. Until the Western democracies can convince her that the issue of such a war will be exceedingly doubtful, the imminent danger of it will continue. And, though we are probably only at the beginning of the long, hard road we have still to travel, the successful defence of South Korea may well have done something already to raise that tremendous—and beneficent—doubt.

recent victories of Generals Ridgway and Van Fleet and the gallantry of the American and United Nations troops on the battlefield of a remote and unimportant peninsula have proved that the forces opposed to totalitarian aggression are resolute, brave and skilful. And if they can be such in a small theatre of war, they can be so in a big. 1944 and 1945 may come again. Moscow may find itself a Berlin; Stalin perish like Hitler, like a rat at the end of a hole. There lies the possibility: the lesson of history re-writ in miniature in the blood, mud and sacrifice of the Korean battle-fields. If the Kremlin reads it aright, there may be no war: no repetition of a tragic history.

We owe much to those who have written and are writing that lesson. It is heart-breaking that, after all that men have suffered since 1914, such a lesson should still have to be taught in the blood of man. Yet those who have fallen have not died in vain; their lives have been cut short, but they have kept open the threatened road to the human future. They have fallen in a war fought for no other purpose. For of one thing



AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE GREEN JACKETS' WAR MEMORIAL ON THE QUAY AT CALAIS: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY, SHOWING H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, THE RIFLE BRIGADE, STANDING AT FOOT OF FLAGPOLE, ON LEFT.



PAYING TRIBUTE TO THEIR SONS AND HUSBANDS WHO SAVED THE B.E.F. IN 1940: RELATIVES OF THE FALLEN PLACING WREATHS ON THE MEMORIAL.

"THE EPIC OF CALAIS" COMMEMORATED: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER UNVEILS THE GREEN JACKETS' WAR MEMORIAL.

The continuing tradition of the British Army has been exemplified this year firstly by the gallant stand of the Gloucesters in Korea in April and, secondly, by the unveiling of the Green Jackets' War Memorial on the quay at Calais on June 2. The memorial, which was unveiled by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief, The Rifle Brigade, honours the 19 officers and 185 other ranks of the 2nd Bn., The King's Royal Rifle Corps, the 1st Bn., The Rifle Brigade, and the 1st Bn., Queen Victoria's Rifles, T.A., who died



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY THE GREEN JACKETS' BRIGADE TRAINING GROUP AND THE 2ND BN., K.R.R.C.: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

fighting in the defence of Calais between May 23 and 26, 1940. By holding out against two armoured divisions for a vital period the Green Jackets and men of other units enabled the Dunkirk perimeter to be established, and thus saved the B.E.F. The memorial is a stone cross with walls on three sides, in which are set the badges of the three regiments. Guards of honour were mounted by the Green Jackets' Brigade Training Group from Winchester, the 2nd Bn. K.R.R.C., and the French 43rd Regiment of Infantry.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVING AT BELFAST ON JUNE 1: HER MAJESTY AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LEAVING R.M.S. Sheffield, IN WHICH THEY MADE THE CROSSING.

THE QUEEN and Princess Margaret left Liverpool on May 31 in the cruiser *Sheffield*, escorted by the destroyers *Battleaxe* and *Broadsword*, and arrived in Belfast on June 1. The King, who had, on doctor's advice, cancelled his visit to Ulster, sent a telegram to the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, expressing his disappointment that he could not accompany her Majesty. The Queen and Princess Margaret, who stayed with the Governor of Northern Ireland, Vice-Admiral the Earl Granville, and Countess Granville (an elder sister of her Majesty) were given a most enthusiastic welcome, and carried out a full programme. On June 1 their engagements included a tour of the Festival of Britain Farm and Factory Exhibition at Castlereagh, which the Queen had opened, a visit to the

(Continued opposite.)



ARRIVING AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS FOR THE GOVERNMENT GARDEN-PARTY ON THE OPENING DAY OF THEIR VISIT: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS MARGARET.



AT THE CITY HALL, BELFAST, ON JUNE 1: HER MAJESTY AND PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF BELFAST, COUNCILLOR J. M. NORRITT, AND THE CROWD OF SPECTATORS. HER MAJESTY LATER INSPECTED A BRITISH LEGION PARADE.



AN UNREHEARSED INCIDENT: HER MAJESTY MAKING A PAUSE IN HER PROGRESS TO WAVE TO THE SCHOOLCHILDREN WHO HAD COLLECTED TO WELCOME HER AT GILFORD ON JUNE 2.



AN EPISODE DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE GOVERNMENT GARDEN-PARTY AT STORMONT: ON JUNE 1: HER MAJESTY PLANTING A COMMEMORATIVE TREE.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME OF THE CROWD: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ON THE BALCONY OF A "FARMHOUSE OF THE FUTURE" AT THE FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION.



THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION WHICH WAS OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON JUNE 1: HER MAJESTY WITH SIR MALCOLM DUGGIE, CHAIRMAN OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND FESTIVAL COMMITTEE.

Continued: City Hall, where her Majesty inspected a combined parade of the Northern Ireland British Legion, and subsequently lunched with the Lord Mayor and Belfast Corporation. They then went to Campbell College and the Queen presented the Royal Charter to the Governors. A garden-party at Stormont and a dinner-party given by the Governor of Northern Ireland and Countess Granville rounded off the first day. On the Saturday the Royal ladies drove round the Dundrod Circuit before the Ulster Trophy motor-car race was run there, and visited Lurgan, Portadown, Gifford, Banbridge, and Dromore, and on Sunday, after attending divine service, they paid an unofficial visit to the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. H. Armitage Moore. They returned to London by air on Monday, June 4.



EXAMINING EXHIBITS IN THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION AT CASTLEREAGH, AT WHICH THE PAST AND PRESENT OF NORTHERN IRISH INDUSTRIES ARE DISPLAYED: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



LEAVING THE OLD IRISH HOMESTEAD AT THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION: THE QUEEN, WITH THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



EXAMINING AN ANCIENT HANDLOOM ON WHICH LINEN HAD BEEN WOVEN FOR QUEEN VICTORIA: THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET, AT THE FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET IN NORTHERN IRELAND:

ULSTER'S GREAT WELCOME, AND EVENTS AND EPISODES OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

MILITARY, SPORTING AND AGRICULTURAL: ARTS OF WAR AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF PEACE.



THE BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT DORCHESTER, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY 89,329 PEOPLE: THE GRAND PARADE OF CATTLE.

The Bath and West Show ended on June 2, having drawn an attendance of 89,329 for the four days, a figure which exceeded last year's total at Birmingham by 17,000. Our photograph illustrates the Parade of Cattle in the main ring. Overseas visitors displayed increasing interest in the products of the agricultural implement manufacturers, which were well displayed in long avenues. Cattle entries were this year limited to animals from attested and supervised herds.



AT THE INTERNATIONAL SHEEP DOG TRIALS IN HYDE PARK ON JUNE 2: MR. T. LONGTON, OF LANCASTER, HANDLING HIS SHEEP DOG DURING THE SINGLES EVENT.

In brilliant sunshine on June 2 an audience of some 200,000 people watched twelve shepherds, who came with their dogs from England, Scotland and Wales, competing in the *Daily Express* International Sheep Dog Trials which were held in Hyde Park, London. The Singles and Doubles events lasted for six hours. The dogs, with a skill that has to be seen to be believed, gathered sheep together—directed by whistled commands of the shepherd—drove them through gates, separated the flock and worked them into pens.



FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN ADDRESSING UNITS OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE GROUP AT ALDERSHOT ON JUNE 3, PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR CYPRUS ON JUNE 4. HE ANNOUNCED THAT THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT NOW HAVE A MOTTO, *UTRIMQUE PARATUS*.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery announced that the King had approved a Latin motto *Utrimque paratus* for The Parachute Regiment (which he described as the *corps d'élite* of the Infantry) at Aldershot on June 3. He said the literal translation was "Ready on Both Sides," but he thought the best rendering was "Ready for Anything." He told the officers and men that their destination was Cyprus, and that they would probably be abroad for at least a year.



WINNING THE 173RD OAKS STAKES: NEASHAM BELLE, WITH S. CLAYTON UP, WINNING BY FOUR LENGTHS FROM CHINESE CRACKER, WITH BELLE OF ALL THIRD.

Major L. B. Holliday's *Neasham Belle*, trained by G. Brooke, and ridden by S. Clayton, won the Oaks Stakes at Epsom on June 1, finishing four lengths in front of *Chinese Cracker*, with *Belle of All* third. *Neasham Belle*, whose starting price was 33 to 1, is by *Nearco* from *Phase*. It was the first success in a classic race for the jockey, and also for G. Brooke who set up as trainer last year. Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal were at Epsom to watch the Oaks being run.



THE 200-MILE ULSTER TROPHY RACE ON THE DUNDROD CIRCUIT, WHICH WAS WON BY G. FARINA DRIVING A 1½-LITRE SUPERCHARGED TYPE 159 ALFA-ROMEO: THE START.

C. Farina, driving a 1½-litre supercharged-type 159 Alfa-Romeo, won the Ulster Trophy on the Dundrod circuit on June 2 in 2 hours 11 mins. 21.8 secs. (91.46 m.p.h.). R. Parnell was second in a 4½-litre unsupercharged Ferrari, with a time of 2 hours 12 mins. 34.2 secs. (90.62 m.p.h.). As noted on another page, the Queen and Princess Margaret drove round the course before the race, and the Queen stopped her car at the pits and conversed with some of the drivers.



ARRIVING AT MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY AND ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME OF 2000 STUDENTS: H.M. THE QUEEN, WITH LORD WOOLTON, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY (ON LEFT).



LEAVING WHITWORTH HALL AFTER THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS HAD BEEN CONFERRED ON HER: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY LORD WOOLTON, THE CHANCELLOR.



A ROYAL VISIT WHICH MARKED THE CENTENARY OF MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY: H.M. THE QUEEN IN THE QUADRANGLE OF OWENS COLLEGE, WHERE SHE INSPECTED THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY UNIVERSITY UNITS.

ON May 31, prior to the Royal visit to Northern Ireland, her Majesty the Queen visited Manchester University, which is celebrating its centenary, and the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on her. Her Majesty received a civic welcome at the Town Hall before driving through the streets, lined by thousands of Manchester people, to the University, where she inspected a guard of honour mounted by University units in the quadrangle of Owens College. After luncheon with the Chancellor of the University, Lord Woolton, and representatives of the Royal Society, the British Academy and of each University in the United Kingdom, her Majesty attended a congregation in Whitworth Hall, where honorary degrees were conferred upon her and five other graduands, among them Professor M. K. Pope, the University's first woman professor and the first woman ever to receive an honorary degree from a French University.



IN THE ARTS LIBRARY OF OWENS COLLEGE: THE QUEEN, WITH LORD WOOLTON, EXAMINING THE GRANT OF ARMS CHARTER OF 1871.



AT ASHBURNE HALL, A RESIDENCE FOR WOMEN STUDENTS: THE QUEEN PLANTING A SILVER MAPLE-TREE PRESENTED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS, ONTARIO, CANADA.

THE CENTENARY OF MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT POET.

"THE LETTERS OF JOHN CLARE." Edited by J. W. and Anne Tibble; and "Selected Poems of John Clare," Edited by Geoffrey Grigson.*

An Appreciation by E. D. O'BRIEN.

LARGELY owing to the efforts in recent years of Mr. Geoffrey Grigson and J. W. and Anne Tibble, the authors of the two books noticed here, the poetry of John Clare, "the Northamptonshire peasant poet" to-day enjoys a considerable vogue, and there is a no less considerable interest in his life. Professor and Mrs. Tibble, inspired by Mr. Edmund Blunden, to whom they rightly attribute the "rediscovery" of Clare, had themselves drawn the public's attention to this interesting minor poet as long ago as 1932, in the "Life" which they then wrote of him. Mr. Grigson's anthology of Clare's poems and the Tibbles' edition of his letters should be read together with this earlier work. In both volumes the authors have made the valuable division between the poems and letters written before his final lapse into insanity, and those written afterwards.

John Clare was born at the little Northamptonshire village of Helpston, or Helpstone, in 1793. He was the son of a farm-labourer, who was himself the illegitimate son of a Scottish schoolmaster described by Clare as a "run-a-gate." There was evidently thought to be madness in the family, as the doctor who certified him for admission to Northampton Lunatic Asylum put the cause of his insanity down to heredity. From that asylum he was later to write (with the typical self-delusion of the schizophrenic) to his son: "When I was a day Labourer at Bridge Casterton & courted your Mother I knew nine languages & could talk of them to Parsons & Gentlemen & Foreigners but never opened my Mouth about them to the Vulgar—for I always lived to myself." In fact, he had little education, working in the fields alongside his father all day (with a specially light flail, for he was extremely delicate from birth) and attending school in the evenings. To the end of his life his spelling was a hit-or-miss affair. He described his first book of poems as being by "John Clare the Northamptonshire Pheasant [sic]." "Dont" for "don't," "coud" for "could," "Ill" for "I'll," were recurrent stumbling-blocks. However, as he himself magnificently and typically put it: "Grammer in learning is like tyranny in government—confound the bitch I'll never be her slave & have a vast good mind not to alter the verse in question—by g— I've try'd an hour & cannot do a syllable so do your best and let it pass." Clare's charm as a poet and as a letter-writer is that no amount of lionizing (and after his discovery by Taylor, Keats' publisher, he was brought to London and made much of by the great) could sophisticate him. He remained the unspoilt chronicler of the simple things of the English countryside. As he wrote from his first asylum near Epping:

The book I love is everywhere
And not in idle words;
The book I love is known to all,
And better love affords.
—I never feared the critic's pen
To live by my renown;
I found the poems in the fields,
And only wrote them down.

The countryside, the dull, pre-enclosure countryside round Helpston, which, to the astonishment of Taylor when he came down to see it, he had transformed into the happy vision of "The Village Minstrel," was the nourisher of his fancy, the source of his inspiration. He owed much to the folk-songs of his childhood, to "weeding wheat in the spring with old women listening to their songs and stories," from the songs of his fellow-countrymen, here a ploughman, there a shoemaker, and especially "from my mother's singing." To these sources he owed such delightful songs as "The Faithless Shepherd." At least, I call it a song, for you can almost hear the gentle tinkling accompaniment of harpsichord or the melancholy notes of a flute on a hill-top in this charming pastoral.

He must, for all that, have been a curious figure in that early nineteenth-century countryside—a fragile little figure with ash-blond hair, delicate traits and bright-blue eyes. In the William Hilton portrait of him in the National Portrait Gallery (reproduced in both books as a frontispiece)—a portrait made when he was twenty-seven and at the height of his brief fame—there is a look in those eyes which any doctor would tell you at first glance threatened insanity. Nevertheless, for all his delicacy, he does not seem to have been unhappy. He was not a "misunderstood" poet. His politics were admirably down to earth. Writing in 1820 at a time when the matrimonial affairs of George IV. and Queen Caroline were

a matter of sordid and riotous interest, he says: "Are you St. Caroline or 'George 4th' I am as far as my politics reaches 'King & Country' no Innovations on Religion & government say I." Elsewhere in the same letter he underlines his sentiments. "Lord R askd my opinion of the present matters & I bluntly told him that 'if the King of England was a madman I should love him as a brother of the soil' in preference to a foreigner who be as she be shows little interest or feeling for England when she lavishes such honours



"A FRAGILE LITTLE FIGURE WITH ASH-BLOND HAIR, DELICATE TRAITS, AND BRIGHT-BLUE EYES": JOHN CLARE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN. Painting by William Hilton, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.



"NOW I AM BETTER I SAT UNDER THE ELM TREES IN OLD MATHEW'S HOMESTEAD LEPPITT'S HILL WHERE I NOW AM—2 OR 3 EVENINGS & WROTE A NEW CANTO OF DON JUAN": LEPPITT'S HILL LODGE, HIGH BEECH, A PRIVATE ASYLUM IN ESSEX, WHERE CLARE WAS CONFINED FROM 1837-41.

When Clare's sanity broke down his publisher procured a place for him in a private asylum run by Dr. Matthew Allen at Leppitt's Hill, in Epping Forest. From here Clare escaped in 1841 and, after being at home for a while, he was admitted into the General Lunatic Asylum at Northampton when he was forty-eight. Clare died in 1864 at the age of seventy. The immediate vicinity of "Leppitt's Hill" is now known as "Lippitt's Hill," an interesting place-name derived from the leap of the Epping deer.

Reproductions from "The Letters of John Clare," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Routledge and Kegan Paul.

on the [generality?] of another which Nelson has long characterized as a set of 'whores scoundrels poets & fiddlers.' Clare evidently had a poor opinion of the Italians! Only in one respect was his childhood unhappy. At an early age he was horrified by seeing a man break his neck falling off a hay-wagon. "The ghastly paleness of death struck such a terror on me that I could not forget it for years, and my dreams was [sic] constantly wanderings in churchyards, digging graves, seeing spirits in charnel houses etc etc."

To say the least, his preoccupation with death, his nightly fears on his journeys in the dark between Helpston and the neighbouring village when "a quaking thistle was able to make me swoon with terror" were ominous for the future and the stability of his mind. There is too close a parallel between Clare's horrors and the dreadful visions of hell-fire and brimstone which afflicted a fellow mad poet (and a man as gentle as he), William Cowper. His love-affair for the daughter of a neighbouring and substantial farmer, who forbade the lovers meeting, Mary Joyce, was also the source of an unhealthy preoccupation. He was sixteen and she fifteen, but he never forgot her. In his madness and long after her death he wrote letters and poems to her imagining her his wife, letters such as the one in 1841 which began: "My dear Wife Mary," and continued: "I might have said my first wife first love & first everything—but I shall never forget my second wife & second love for I loved her once as dearly as yourself & almost do so now so I determined to keep you both for ever." His "second wife" was Patty, with whom he made an imprudent but apparently not unhappy marriage. She was, however, to a large extent his downfall. He got her with child, rushed into marriage, produced a long string of children which overwhelmed his dawning success with debts and difficulties. These led him to relapse into the status of a day labourer on the land. The spectacle of his beloved countryside being cut up by enclosures, the constant nagging difficulties of maintaining his family, the failure of his later books of poems, all combined to make his mind give way. Some of his contemporaries put his mental collapse down to drink and women. It is true he was fond of both—and is there anything jollier outside of Burns than his rollicking "The Toper's Rant"?—but that was merely the judgment of an age which tended to see divine retribution in every natural visitation. During his incarceration, first at Epping (from which he escaped to try and find the dead Mary Joyce) and then at Northampton, he seems to have been kindly treated. It was in Northampton Asylum that, to use Mr. Grigson's words: "Clare wrote himself into immortality (with his poem 'Vision') and freedom and release from woman and the lost mortal joys with the appropriate pen, an eternal ray taken from the sun."

From the asylum, too, he wrote his letters, many to people who were long dead or who had never existed. Curiously, there is nothing pathetic in them or his mad beliefs that he was Byron or Nelson or Ben Caunt the prizefighter. ("It is well-known that I am a prize-fighter by profession & a man that never feared anybody in my life either in the ring or out of it.") Indeed, his last letter, written not long before he finally broke up in mind and body at the age of seventy, has a quiet dignity. To an enquirer from the outside world he replied: "Dear Sir I am in a Madhouse & quite forget your Name or who you are You must excuse me for I have nothing to communicate or tell of & why I am shut up I dont know I have nothing to say so I conclude yours respectfully John Clare." As for his poetry, it was no whit inferior after his madness. Indeed, as a poet, the mad John Clare stands perhaps higher than the sane. Was Clare a great poet? Mr. Middleton Murry says: "Clare's faculty of sheer vision is unique in English poetry; not only is it far purer than Wordsworth's, it is purer even than Shakespeare's. . . . Clare's vision, we might say, paradoxically, is too perfect." On which Mr. Grigson wisely comments that in thinking of Clare and Shakespeare one must think of Ophelia's songs. His vision—again to quote Mr. Grigson—"intensifies the selected reality of most things it describes:

From dark green dumps among the dripping grain
The lark with sudden impulse starts and sings
And mid the smoking rain
Quivers her russet wings."

Was Clare great? His quality is sometimes as uneven as that of Wordsworth, whom he so admired. Some of it is doggerel. I don't think the question is important. Clare is certainly an interesting poet and one who deserves to have been rescued from obscurity. It is certainly a question which would not have worried him. Let him perhaps have the last word. "I became a scribbler," he wrote in 1832, "for downright pleasure in giving vent to my feelings. . . . I wrote because it pleased me in sorrow and when happier it makes me happier and so I go on."

NOTE.—Our readers will be pleased to know that Sir John Squire is continuing to make progress after his recent accident. He will resume his weekly Appreciation as soon as he has sufficiently recovered.

* "The Letters of John Clare." Edited by J. W. and Anne Tibble. Coloured Frontispiece and Half-tone Illustration. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 30s.); and "Selected Poems of John Clare." Edited by Geoffrey Grigson. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 20s. 6d.)

THE FESTIVAL GARDENS OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: SOME OF THEIR BEAUTY, FUN, THRILLS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

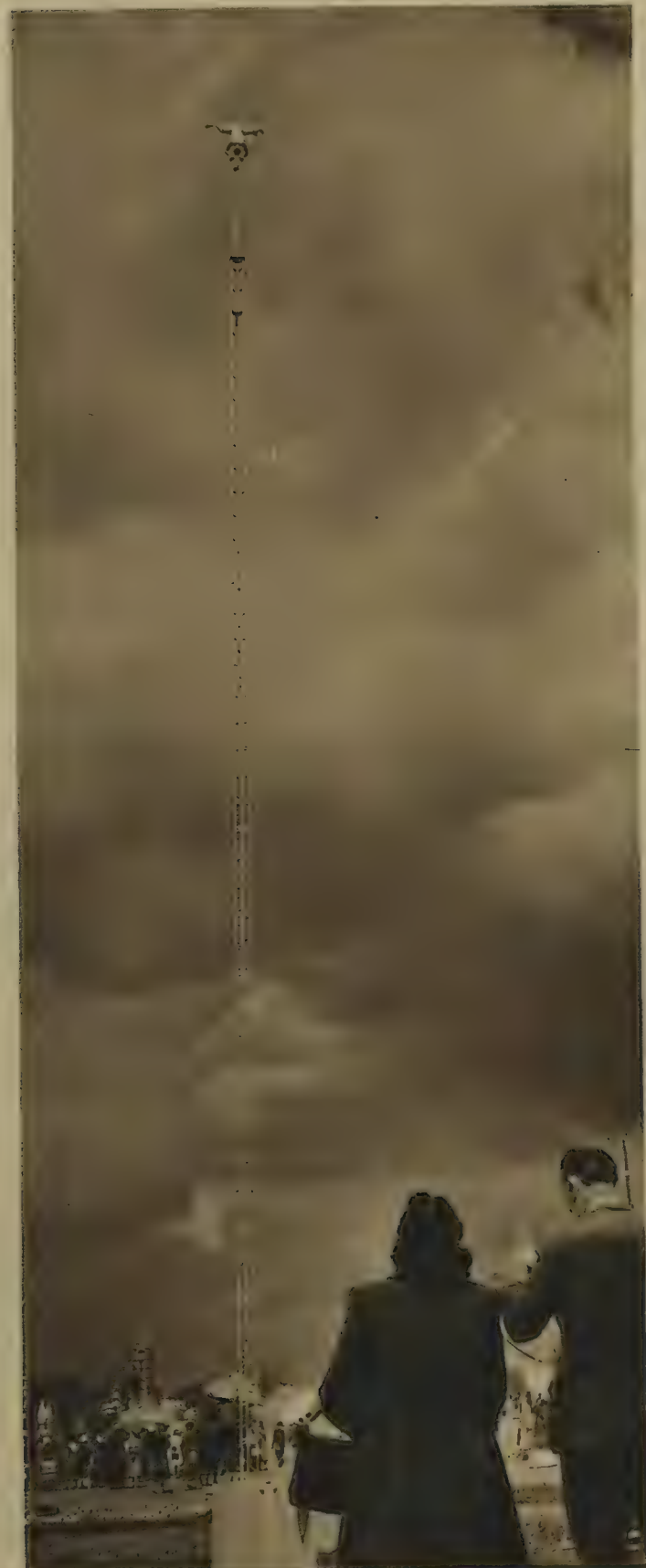


THE AMPHITHEATRE IN THE FESTIVAL GARDENS, DURING A PERFORMANCE OF LUPINO LANE'S "LAMBETH WALKERS": THE "ORLANDO" BALLET IS ALSO STAGED HERE.

ON May 28 the Festival Gardens at Battersea, though not entirely complete, opened to the public and were immediately taken to the public's heart. May 31 was the sunniest day to date of the year and the combined Fun Fair and Pleasure Gardens at Battersea achieved its record attendance, at that time, of 41,142, about 5000 less than visited the South Bank Exhibition on the same day. It is early yet to say which will prove to be the most popular features, but the general gaiety of the design and the charm of the gardens have met with very wide approval.



WHEN THE QUARTERS STRIKE, ROUNDABOUTS SPIN, ACROBATS RING THE CHIMES, AND SURPRISING THINGS HAPPEN: THE FESTIVAL CLOCK.



ACROBATICS IN THE CLOUDS: THE UNNERVING PERFORMANCE OF JOHNNY CAROFF IN THE OPEN ARENA NEAR THE FOUNTAIN LAKE.



THE FIRST VISITORS TO THE NEWLY-OPENED FESTIVAL GARDENS ON MAY 28: A VIEW LOOKING OBLIQUELY ACROSS THE GRAND VISTA TOWARDS THE FOUNTAIN LAKE AND THE GIANT FERN-HOUSE.



THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE GRAND VISTA ARCADE, WITH ONE OF THE TWIN RED-AND-GOLD TOWERS ON THE RIGHT. BEHIND THE TREES IN THE BACKGROUND LIES THE RIVER.



THE NAUTICAL SIDE OF THE BATTERSEA FUN FAIR: VISITORS ENJOYING THEMSELVES ON THE BOATING POOL.



AT BATTERSEA-ON-THAMES: PARENTS RELAXING OVER A CUP OF TEA, WHILE THEIR CHILDREN ENJOY STICKS OF "FESTIVAL FLOSS."

A DAY OUT AT BATTERSEA-ON-THAMES: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME

Londoners and visitors on pleasure bent need not travel far this summer in search of amusement, for the Festival Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park are occupied by one of the most attractive fun fairs ever devised. The amusements include all the traditional rides as well as a number of entirely new

ones. One of the most popular features is the Big Dipper, the largest portable ride in the world, while the Rotar, the ride that defies gravity, attracts even the youngest visitors. The side-shows include a chimpanzee tea-party; girls in ice;

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



A CRAZY FORM OF TRANSPORT THAT APPEALS TO YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE: THE EMETT MINIATURE RAILWAY IN BATTERSEA PARK.



SOME OF THE THRILLS AT THE FUN FAIR: THE BIG DIPPER, THE DRAGON RIDE, JET AIRCRAFT AND THE WALL OF DEATH.

OF THE ATTRACTIONS AND THRILLS OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN FUN FAIR.

ones. One of the most popular features is the Big Dipper, the largest portable ride in the world, while the Rotar, the ride that defies gravity, attracts even the youngest visitors. The side-shows include a chimpanzee tea-party; girls in ice;

a snake-charmer, and many other items. Although the weather affects, to some extent, the number of visitors to the Fun Fair, many thousands are finding their way to Battersea every day, and the evenings are particularly popular.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

GENERAL MARK WAYNE CLARK is to-day Chief of the United States Army Field Forces. He is best known to us as commander of the Fifth Army in Italy, and later of the 15th Army Group. In both these capacities many thousands of troops of the United Kingdom and the British Commonwealth served under his orders. He played other parts in the war. He commanded the II. Corps in England, was Deputy to General Eisenhower, and carried out the secret visit in a submarine to French officers in North Africa before the invasion took place. He was for a time commander designate of the force which was to invade France from the south in 1944, though that operation went to another hand. After the war he was American High Commissioner in Austria. His account of his experiences is readable and interesting in the extreme.* It is often controversial, but not bitter or petulant, which is more than can be said for the military reminiscences of some of his countrymen. It is most useful on the military side. At the same time, it is often very amusing. I have been struck once again by the



IN NORTH AFRICA: GENERAL MARK CLARK AND THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO (CENTRE) AT A *Diffa* GIVEN BY THE PASHA OF OUDJDA. When commanding the U.S. Fifth Army in North Africa in 1943, General Mark Clark travelled many thousands of miles in Morocco to pay official visits and supervise training. He says: "I was under some strain during these visits, which introduced us to all of the ancient and elaborate customs of the region and required that we take part in magnificent *diffas* or feasts."

reflection that American commanders combine marvellous powers of adaptation to the wars in which they engage and brilliant skill with what I call, for want of a better term, an "un-professional" attitude to warfare. Before reading these reminiscences I had been reading in German those of General Guderian, the atmosphere of which was astonishingly different. The "un-professional" won.

The book is so full of matter that it is no easy task to select for reference or comment the most striking passages. General Clark expresses the deepest admiration for Mr. Churchill, whom he regards as the greatest man he ever met. He ascribes to him a surprising knowledge of military problems, but adds that these were always subordinated in his mind to political considerations. (I hardly dare to whisper that this is word for word what the German generals say about Hitler.) The story of the submarine visit to General Mast has been told before, but is even more exciting in this version. General Clark is, I think rightly, unrepentant about the use made of Admiral Darlan. He was "a political investment forced upon us by circumstances, but we made a sensational profit in lives and time through using him." The scope of the invasion of French North Africa appears to him to have been too timid, though the men on the spot were less timid than was Washington. He chafed over the slowness and indecision about the next move and in creating a grand strategic plan. He found the organisation of air support for the continental invasion deficient. He held, and still holds, the belief, so detested by air commanders, that aircraft giving close support to land forces in battle ought to be at the disposal of the commander of those land forces as completely as is his artillery.

The drama of the landing at Salerno and the serious nature of the great battle that followed it become more striking than ever in these pages. He feels that even now it is not realised how gravely disaster threatened the first Allied assault on European soil. An action taken by him was probably decisive. The 82nd Division, commanded by the now famous General Ridgway, had been set free because the plan to drop it on Rome had collapsed owing to the energy of the Germans and the inertia of the Italians. At one of the worst moments of the fighting he directed Ridgway to make a drop within the Fifth Army lines that very night. I fancy many forcible commanders would have found that a tall order, but Ridgway returned the message, "Can do," and did it. General Clark is frank as regards this campaign—and previously, that of Tunisia—about his difficulties over morale and discipline. He had to deal with propaganda which aimed at sending home whole units long in action and replacing them by new ones. A democratically run Army Press has advantages in time of war, but by the mere airing of opinion it may threaten the fighting spirit of the Army. In this case the Nazis themselves could not have introduced a more dangerous idea.

We were told during the war and afterwards that never had international forces fought with so little internal friction. This was true enough; but it could

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GENERAL MARK CLARK'S STORY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

not be said at the time, what was undoubtedly the case, that there was more friction than there would have been in a homogeneous army. The commander of the Fifth Army found that the American and British attitudes to casualties were very different, because the British were coming to an end of their resources in man-power. He also states that he found it necessary to deal in a more cautious way with the commander of a formation from the Commonwealth, such as General Freyberg, than would have been the case with a British divisional commander under his orders. It was owing to the insistence of General Freyberg that he gave way in the matter of the bombing of the Cassino monastery, for which he still seems to reproach himself. He was a warm admirer of General Anders and the fine Polish Corps but had to persuade him that it would be a failure in his duty as commander to give up fighting when the Yalta conference handed over half his country to the Russians. General Clark had some tussles with Field Marshal Lord Alexander, especially over the "honours" in the entry into Rome, and there his attitude may have been rather touchy. In general, however, matters went more smoothly than might have been expected, and he himself played his part in patching up differences.

The Anzio landing was in a sense Salerno over again in that hopes were frustrated and the landing force had to fight for its life. It was less successful than Salerno because it took so much longer to pay a dividend. Yet the worst nightmare of the campaign was the struggle round Cassino, a veritable tragedy. I believe I am not alone in feeling that had the British 78th Division been pushed in rapidly on the heels of the New Zealanders, there would have been a better chance of success in the March operations. The final attack, for which a great proportion of the



"WE HAD WON THE RACE TO ROME BY ONLY TWO DAYS": GENERAL CLARK DRIVING THROUGH ROME ON JUNE 5, 1944, THE DAY AFTER THE FIFTH ARMY TOOK THE CITY. General Clark entered Rome on June 5 to meet his four Corps Commanders at the Town Hall on the Capitoline Hill. His party lost their way and were eventually led to the meeting-place by a youth on a bicycle who pedalled along in front of the General's jeep shouting to everybody on the street to get out of the way because General Clark was trying to get to the Capitoline Hill.

Eighth Army was secretly brought across the Apennines to aid the Fifth, was a masterly piece of strategy and tactics, yet the victory was not achieved without very heavy losses. The fruits were not all harvested, because thenceforth the army group in Italy was drawn upon for other theatres of war, particularly France. As already stated, General Clark himself was to have commanded the force which landed in southern France. It would seem that he now realises the weight of British objections to this expedition. Stalin, on the contrary, favoured it. "The thing he wanted most was to keep us out of the Balkans, which he had staked out for the Red Army."

So the unhappy winter halt in the mountains became unavoidable. The last break-out by the two armies under General Clark's command was nevertheless a knock-out blow. The forces in Italy contrived to bring about the unconditional surrender of

those opposed to them before this occurred in Germany. Theirs was a great achievement, in which no one played a more forcible part than the writer of this narrative. Over one incident he came under criticism in his own country, so far as I can see, unjustly, but he can comfort himself with the reflection that, even if this criticism had been fair, it would have been better to have to face strictures

on undue eagerness and obstinacy than condemnation for inaction, unreadiness of mind and over-caution. He did not yield to discouragement, and his personal influence during the Salerno fighting was inspiring. Outside the forces of his own countrymen, the warmest friend he made appears to have been General Juin, who certainly served him admirably. He was distressed that this clever and whole-hearted leader should have been, after his success in Italy, to a large extent pushed into the background by General de Gaulle for political reasons, because he had been what was called "a Vichy general."

In Austria, General Clark had to deal with the formidable Field Marshal Konev, and to learn the nature of Russian obstructive tactics. Once, he tells us, he remarked to Konev that he had made ten demands at a Council meeting, and asked what would happen if the reply was that the American High Commissioner agreed to them all. "To-morrow," was the answer, "I'd have ten new ones." The Russian attitude made a deep impression upon him. He came to believe that the Soviet Union would stop at nothing to achieve world domination. He was also convinced that it would never cease to thrust when it felt resistance, either moral or material, to be weak. It was saturated in the doctrine of force. General Clark also notes that the Russians were surprised as well as angered by the sweeping success of the Austrian People's Party in the elections of November, 1945. From that moment all pretence of collaboration ceased. The screw upon the Austrians in the Russian zone tightened, and at the same time Russians who had shown themselves friendly to the Americans disappeared from Vienna, to be replaced by men who were stiff, formal and unaccommodating. His feelings at the abortive Moscow conference were no happier.

I cannot leave "Calculated Risk" without reference to its wit and sense of the ridiculous. An eye for a joke is a consolation to its possessor in war. On one occasion before the capture of Rome, General Clark was afraid of being inundated by "tourists" and not well pleased when five Yugoslav officers arrived. He rang up his staff officer, General Gruenther, but the connection was bad, and someone who could hear both had to relay the conversation. "Tell him I've got five Yugoslavs here." "General Gruenther," answered the voice, "says that he's a bit puzzled, but he guesses you want him to send you five Yugoslavs, and he will try." "Don't do that! I've got five I can't use now!" Then he found that the talk had been overheard by the five unusable Yugoslavs in an adjoining room. There is an agreeable tale of a bet with the same General Gruenther that General Clark and a companion would shoot two pheasants. They failed, but shot a pigeon to make up the bag and plucked and trimmed both birds so that they looked much alike. The bet was paid, but three days later General Gruenther made the grave report that an unprincipled so-and-so had been shooting the Army's pigeons and on the very day when those two pheasants had been bagged had shot the very best, old Dickie. The two sportsmen took out their notebooks and paid without a word.

Then there is the General's faithful and efficient henchman, the negro Sergeant William Chaney, who was to receive the Good Conduct Medal on Christmas night. Christmas, however, was too much for him, and he had to be put to bed instead. Yet, after all, it was Christmas. The whole dinner-party debated whether or not Chaney should get the medal. It became for the moment the most difficult decision. Late in the evening, having largely recovered from his indisposition, he was propped up in a corner of the tent and the medal was pinned on after a short speech by General Clark. After a Russian festivity in Vienna, Chaney called his master at 7.30 next morning as directed, but did not look well. "Boss, did you drink some of that kerosene, too?" I take a personal pleasure in reading about Sergeant Chaney, because I ate a good dinner cooked by him at General Clark's board.

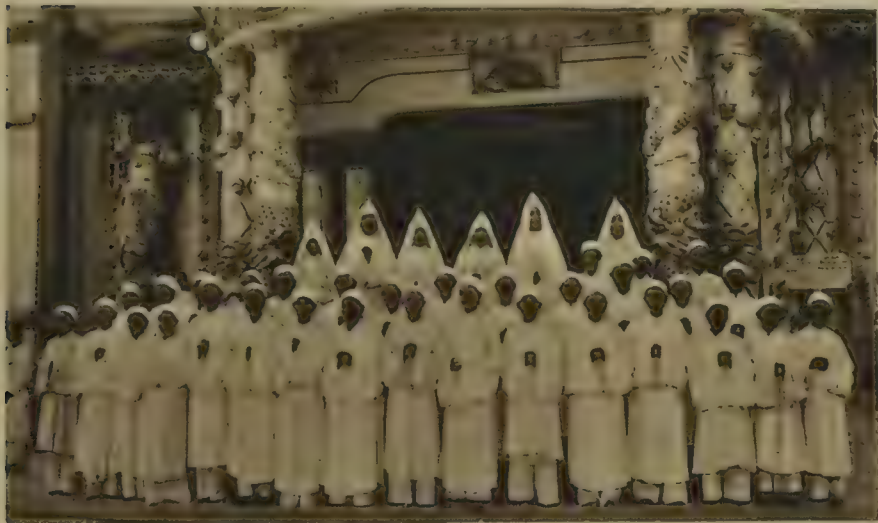


THE END OF THE WAR IN ITALY: GENERAL CLARK RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF ALL GERMAN TROOPS IN ITALY AND WESTERN AUSTRIA FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF GENERAL VON VIETTINGHOFF, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GERMAN FORCES IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

Illustrations reproduced from "Calculated Risk," by Courtesy of the Publishers, George Harrap and Co.

* "Calculated Risk," By General Mark Wayne Clark. (Harrap; 22s. 6d.)

AN ANTI-COMMUNIST FORCE IN INDO-CHINA: THE ARMY AND RELIGION OF "CAO DAI."



ONE OF THE CHIEF STABILISING FACTORS IN COCHIN-CHINA'S STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM IS THE RECENT SECT OF CAO DAI, A GROUP OF WHOSE PRIESTS IS SEEN ABOVE.

IN our issue of May 26, Captain Cyril Falls was discussing the general situation in Viet-Nam, or Indo-China, and he remarked on the number of "groups and communities in districts out of the main current of the civil war" who had organised themselves to resist disorder and Communism, which creates and profits by such disorder. In Cochín-China, or Southern Viet-Nam—as it is now more correctly called—one of the most potent of these stabilising forces is "Cao Dai." "Cao Dai" is now, by the force of events, a political, religious and military force; but Caodaism is primarily a religion, and it came into being about 1926. It claims to combine into a single unity the three great dogmas of the East, Buddhism

(Continued below.)



HIGH DIGNITARIES OF THE CAO DAI RELIGION, GROUPED BEFORE THE PALACE OF THEIR SPIRITUAL LEADER, PHAM CONG TAC, THE "HO PHAP," OR "POPE," OF THE SECT.



CAODAIST TROOPS MARCHING PAST THE PALACE OF THEIR SPIRITUAL LEADER AT TAY NINH IN SOUTHERN VIET-NAM. THEIR GENERAL IS TRAN QUANG VINH.

(Continued.)

Taoism and Confucianism, and adds to this a certain not very clearly defined amount of Christian belief and practice. While claiming to be a reformed Buddhism, it is based on a revelation given by a supreme God, called "Cao Dai," in order to guide men towards salvation. In its hagiology Christ is numbered with the holy figures of Buddhism and Taoism. The practice of Caodaism however is basically an appeal to mysticism through spiritualistic means. The holy city of Caodaism is Tay Ninh, and there stands the palace of the Ho Phap, or spiritual leader of the sect, Pham Cong Tac; and parts



THE TROOPS OF CAO DAI CONSIST OF ABOUT 20,000 MEN ARMED WITH MODERN WEAPONS. SOME OF THEM ARE SEEN HERE, MARCHING IN A RECENT MILITARY REVIEW.



THE "POPE" OF CAODAISM, PHAM CONG TAC, ADDRESSING HIS TROOPS. AROUND HIM STAND RELIGIOUS CHIEFS OF THIS NOW POWERFUL AND POPULAR SECT.

of the palace can be seen in some of the pictures on this page. The organisation of the religion owes much to Roman Catholicism, and this palace is regarded as its "Vatican," while the Ho Phap is often referred to as the "Pope." The sect's adherents number approximately a million, almost all in Cochín-China—it is negligible as a force in Tongking—and the Caodaist army numbers about 20,000 men, armed with modern weapons and under the command of Tran Quang Vinh. The Caodaists have been faithful allies of the Government since the French returned to the country in 1945.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF A BRITISH BIRD: THE SWIFT'S NESTING HABITS.



CONTAINING A CLUTCH OF THREE DEAD-WHITE EGGS: A TYPICAL SWIFT'S NEST OF STRAW, GRASS AND FEATHERS.



A PHOTOGRAPH NOT EASILY OBTAINED: A SWIFT ARRIVING AT ITS NEST, WHICH CONTAINS THREE EGGS.



AN ADULT SWIFT (RIGHT) WITH TWO FULLY-GROWN YOUNG—THE FLEDGLING PERIOD COVERS 35 TO 41 DAYS.

OUR readers may remember an article by Captain Collingwood Ingram on "The Phenomenon of Sporadic Hibernation in Nestling Swifts," published in our issue of September 16 last year, in which he said: "Whether swifts that are not actually engaged in nidification spend the whole of their time in the air is a point that has never been satisfactorily proved. The writer is of the opinion that they very frequently do . . . on the other hand, in late June he has found both birds roosting at the nest, which seems to indicate that . . . they do rest at night." His view is supported by one of the unusual photographs reproduced here, which was taken at midnight and shows a pair of swifts roosting at the nest. The eggs of the swift are laid in late May or early June, and photographs such as we reproduce are not easily obtained. [Photographs by C. Eric Palmar.]



A PAIR OF SWIFTS ASLEEP: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT PROVING THAT THE COCK BIRD ROOSTS AT THE NEST.



REMOVED TEMPORARILY FROM THE NEST TO BE RINGED WITH AN ALUMINIUM RING BEARING A SERIAL NUMBER; A FULLY-GROWN YOUNG SWIFT.



THE FINISH OF THE 1951 DERBY: ARCTIC PRINCE, WITH C. SPARES UP, WINNING BY SIX LENGTHS FROM (L. TO R.) SYBIL'S NEPHEW, SIGNAL BOX AND LE TYROL. IT WAS THE BIGGEST WINNING MARGIN SINCE MANNA WON BY EIGHT LENGTHS, WITH STEVE DONOGHUE UP, IN 1925.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF RACEGOERS: THE QUEEN, WITH LORD ROSEBERY, FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH, THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



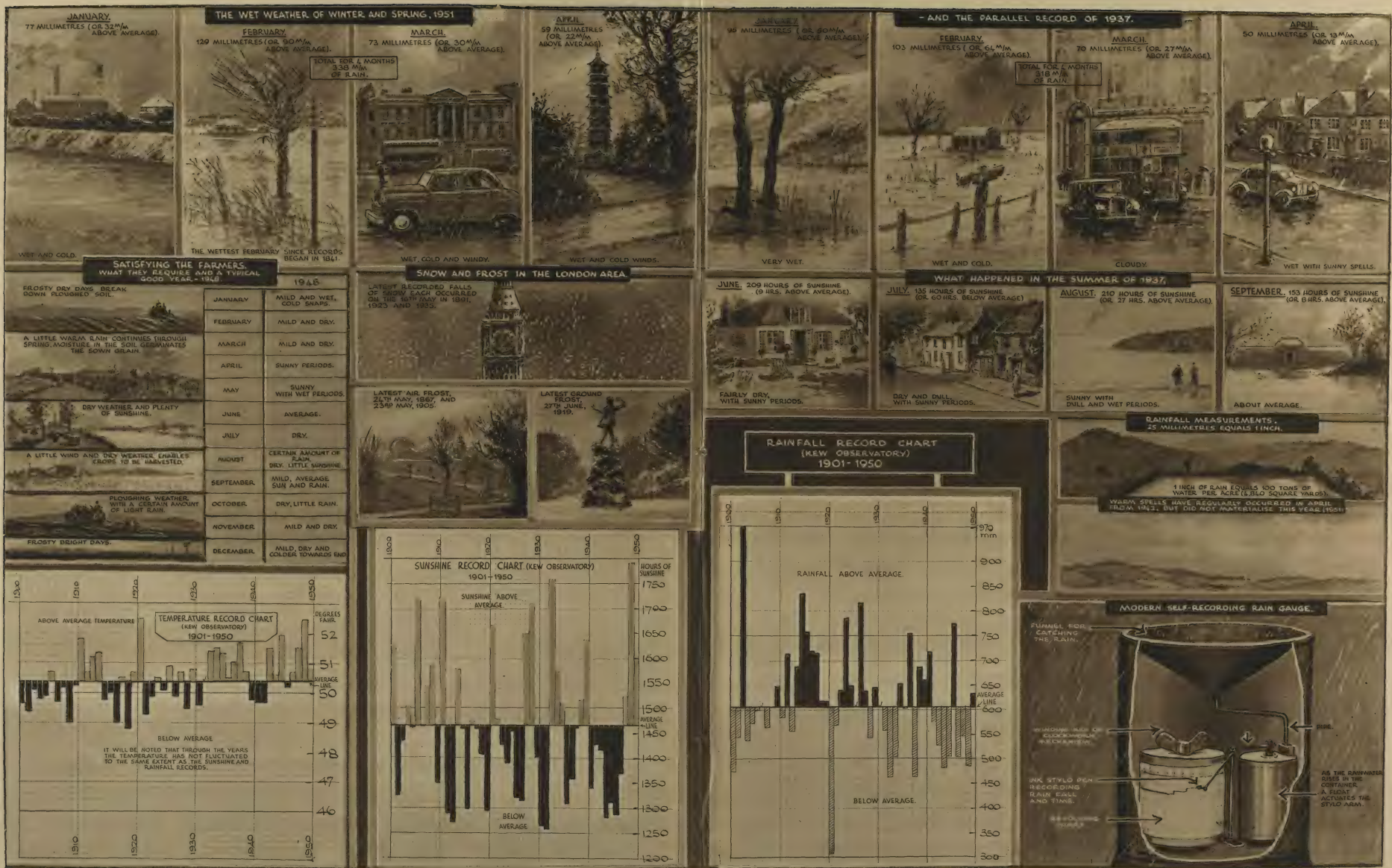
LEADING IN THE WINNER AFTER THE BIG RACE: MRS. MCGRATH, WIFE OF MR. J. MCGRATH, OF DUBLIN (RIGHT), THE OWNER OF ARCTIC PRINCE.

THE 1951 DERBY: A SIX-LENGTH VICTORY FOR AN

The 1951 Derby, the 172nd renewal of the Derby Stakes, was run at Epsom on May 30, when Mr. J. McGrath's *Arctic Prince*, ridden by C. Spares, trained by W. Stephenson, and bred in Ireland by the owner, won by six lengths. After a photograph had been called for to decide the position of the second and third horses, Lord Milford's *Sybil's Nephew* was placed second. Mr. F. W. Dennis's *Signal Box* third, and *Le Tyrol* fourth.

IRISH HORSE—ARCTIC PRINCE; SCENES AT EPSOM.

Arctic Prince's starting price was 28 to 1. The win was worth £19,386 to the owner. There were loud cheers for the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent when they walked to the paddock to see the Derby horses saddled. Queen Mary, who received a special welcome from the crowd, watched the race from the Royal box. The King was unable to be present as he had influenza.



THE ENGLISHMAN'S FAVOURITE TOPIC—THE WETTEST FEBRUARY FOR ONE HUNDRED-AND-TEN YEARS, BAD SPRINGS COMPARED, THE FARMERS' IDEAL, AND OTHER FACTS ABOUT THE BRITISH CLIMATE.

To speak in musical terms, the principal "subject" of an Englishman's conversation is the weather. The same is also true, though perhaps in differing degrees, of Irish, Scottish and Welsh conversation; but the statistics here illustrated all derive from Kew, and England must take the sole responsibility. And the "keys" in which this subject appears are three: resignation, at average weather; surprise, at better than average; and outrage, at worse than average. The last emotion has had plenty of exercise this spring, as the four months, January to April, have been wetter than even the nearest comparable period, the first four months of 1937, their aggregate rainfall being greater than the whole year's rainfall of 1921; and February this year has been the wettest February known since records began to be kept in 1841. The parallel spring of 1937 (which had, however, 20 mm. less rain) was followed by a slightly worse than average summer, so that, if analogy were at all reliable as a guide, the prospects for this summer call for resignation rather than surprise. However, nothing is certain in such matters except what is past, and the records from 1900 reveal how little, all in all, the weather diverges from the average. This fact, incidentally, is reflected in our water supply, our drainage, our heating systems, our house design and our clothing, which are all caught unawares by anything in the least out of the ordinary in the way of heat or cold, rain or drought. But the grumbles of the ordinary town-dweller are nothing, it is generally supposed, to those of the farmer, who is believed to be never satisfied. Our Artist, therefore, talked with a number of influential farmers and coaxed them into admitting that 1948 was "not all a bad year" from their point of view; and he has recorded an analysis of that year in a graphic form, which may well come in useful.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. DAVIS, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE METEOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR MINISTRY, THE NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION, AND OTHER SOURCES.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WHEN the Royal Horticultural Society decided that Chelsea Show in 1951—Festival Year—was to be a specially magnificent affair, it was difficult to

imagine how, without additional acreage, they could make any outstanding advance on previous shows. In the end they did a very clever thing. They increased their acreage, without in any way expanding their boundaries. In past years there have always been two enormous marquees, separated by a wide road, the Monument road, and this road was flanked on either side by exhibits of garden-frames, greenhouses, summer-houses, and other "sundries." This year Monument road, and with it the Monument itself, disappeared. The whole space was roofed in with additional tenting, so that instead of two enormous tents, there was one perfectly gigantic tent. It was, we were told, the largest tent ever erected anywhere, and it covered three-and-a-half acres of unbroken floral magnificence. The whole thing was too vast, too varied, and too sumptuous to begin to describe in any sort of detail. I spent two whole days, or, to be exact, one whole day and two half days, studying the Chelsea exhibits, and, right up to the time that I left, I kept on discovering whole large exhibits that I had missed before, and innumerable fresh plants and flowers. And, apart from the exhibits in the vast marquee, there were the formal and the rock-garden exhibits in the open air; groups of foliage and flowering shrubs and trees; and the innumerable stalls exhibiting every sort of garden gadget, garden books, artificial manures, weed-killers, insecticides, etc.

The "picture of the year"—to use an old Academy term—was undoubtedly a wonderful exhibit of cacti and other succulents brought over and staged by a group of cactus growers of the Italian Riviera, whose nurseries are at Bordighera and San Remo. It was a magnificent group, in which were giant specimens 6 and 8 or more feet tall, many of them in flower, and it was an astonishing feat to have transported them in such perfect condition, with flowers intact, and not a hair nor a spine out of place. They were cleverly grouped on a desert-like sandy bank, with a neutral-tinted background. Some people there are to whom all cacti are hideous, and even repellent. Many of the species in this Chelsea group were

CHELSEA, 1951.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

are to be congratulated and thanked for bringing such an outstanding feature to Chelsea, a feature which showed a high standard of cultural skill and a high standard of personal courage. Imagine man-handling an 8-ft. giant, bristling from top to toe with millions of spines radiating at every angle, and sharper—far, far sharper—than needles. Yet there they all stood, great and small, neat and spotless, looking as mild and well-behaved as pupils at a prep school waiting for the Bishop to distribute the prizes. Collectively, they got their prize—a gold medal.



"THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR" AT THIS YEAR'S CHELSEA SHOW: A SMALL VISTA OF THE GREAT CACTUS DISPLAY BY THE FEDERAZIONE PROVINCIALE COLTIVATORI DIRETTI, GENOA. "There they all stood," writes Mr. Elliott, "great and small, neat and spotless, looking as mild and well-behaved as pupils at a prep school waiting for the Bishop to distribute the prizes."

Wisley; Mr. Edmund de Rothschild's Exbury display, with its ground-cover of Kurume azaleas; the masterly grouping of the collection from Windsor Great Park; and Lord Aberconway's lovely blending of rhododendrons with such plants as *Meconopsis grandis*, and the rare, difficult and exquisite *Primula reidii*, with its immense pendant ivory-white bells.

Among the new plants to receive the Award of Merit, *Meconopsis sherriffii* struck me as at once sensational and beautiful. Sent home by Major Sherriff, the plant stood about 18 ins. high, with great, solitary flowers, about 4 ins. in diameter, and of a pink so unusual, subtle and curious—and at the same time pleasing—that I find it impossible to describe, even by analogy. Let us hope that this strikingly beautiful poppywort will take kindly to domestic life in this country. A novelty which looked as though it almost certainly has a future as a border plant and a cut-flower was *Agrostemma milas*. This has been derived, or developed, from the British wild species *Agrostemma githago*, the common corn cockle. The trumpet-shaped flowers of a cool pink were large and handsome, and the whole plant—an annual—has grace and distinction.

It is not always that *Daphne rupestris grandiflora* consents to hold its flowers until Chelsea, but this year it did, and the specimen shown by Mr. Frank Barker from Stevenage was in perfect condition. It must surely be the largest specimen in cultivation. Measuring nearly 2 ft. across, this rare, slow-growing shrub was densely packed with its great waxy-pink blossoms, intoxicatingly fragrant. It held a place of honour among grey rocks on a table exhibit in the great marquee, and as almost equally distinguished neighbours it had ancient specimens of *Phyteuma comosum* and pats of the dainty white *Androsace arachnoidea superba*. The recently rediscovered cottage "Dusty Miller" auricula "Broadwell Gold," failed apparently to find favour with the judges. But this sturdy old warrior, with its great mealy leaves, upstanding heads of fragrant golden blossom and constitution of iron need not worry. It has stood the test of time as a cottage-garden plant, and has found its way to Chelsea, where I saw it on several exhibits.

Chelsea, as always, was one great, splendid display of beauty and loveliness—and H.M. the Queen was there.



"SURELY THE LARGEST SPECIMEN (OF *DAPHNE RUPESTRIS GRANDIFLORA*) IN CULTIVATION": A FINE PLANT OF THIS RARE SHRUB SHOWN AT CHELSEA BY MR. FRANK BARKER, IN PERFECT CONDITION. [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]

certainly grotesque, fantastic; and some might be called monstrosities; but for most people even the strangest of them have a certain fascination, whilst some of the species, especially the *Opuntias*, or "prickly pears," have undoubted beauty of form, texture and colour. Those Italian specialists from the Riviera

range through pale pastel shades of cream, biscuit, café-au-lait, white and pale-creamy pinks, and often they are slightly peppered and freckled with tiny dark spots like birds' eggs.

Rhododendrons were magnificently shown, especially in such great groups as those of the R.H.S. from

The brilliant, giant-flowered calceolarias were, if anything, more wonderful than ever, and the smaller-flowered types in the same splendid colours had great charm. But I got to know for the first time a race of smaller-flowered calceolarias, the John Innes Hybrids, which in a quiet way are extremely beautiful. The big calceolarias with their gorgeous inflated bag-flowers, 2 and 3 ins. wide, miss vulgarity by a miracle, and even so many folk detest them. The John Innes Hybrids are the quintessence of exquisite and subdued refinement. The habit of the plants is tall, graceful and lightly branching. The flowers, carried in a loose, broken fountain, are filbert-shaped, and slightly larger than filbert size. They have the quality and texture of white kid, and in colour they



NOTABLE AMONG THE NEW PLANTS WHICH RECEIVED THE AWARD OF MERIT: *MECONOPSIS SHERRIFFII*, "OF A PINK SO UNUSUAL, SUBTLE AND CURIOUS . . . THAT I FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE." (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

THE N.C.B.'s. GREATEST MINE DISASTER: EASINGTON COLLIERY—WHERE 81 DIED.



RESCUE WORKERS BRINGING OUT AN INJURED MAN FROM THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION. THIS MAN SUBSEQUENTLY DIED IN RYHOPE HOSPITAL.

AFTER THE DISASTER AT EASINGTON, RESCUE TEAMS FROM ALL OVER THE DISTRICT HURRIED TO THE SCENE. THE SHOTTON COLLIERY TEAM ARRIVING AT THE EASINGTON PITHEAD.

AT Easington Colliery, which stands on the Durham coast, a few miles north of Hartlepool, a violent underground explosion in the early morning of May 29 caused the National Coal Board's worst mine disaster since the nationalisation of coal. In all, eighty miners who had been working in the mine were killed, and one rescue worker lost his life. Rescue teams from all over the Durham and Northumberland coal-field worked continuously, but with very little success. A few miners who had been working near the shaft escaped with slight injuries, and one nineteen-year-old miner was brought out alive, but subsequently died in hospital. Of the remainder, it was known that there was no hope of their survival on May 30, though work in recovering the bodies was continued. By the evening of May 31, twenty-four bodies had been located. Both Lord Hyndley, Chairman of the National Coal Board, and Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell, the Member for Easington, visited the colliery, and a distress fund for the victims' dependants was launched by Easington Rural District Council.



EASINGTON COLLIERY FROM THE AIR, THE SCENE OF THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD'S WORST DISASTER, IN WHICH EIGHTY MINERS AND ONE RESCUE WORKER WERE KILLED.



MR. SAM WATSON, AREA SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF MINeworkERS, TALKING TO FRIENDS AND RELATIVES OF THE VICTIMS AT EASINGTON PITHEAD.



LORD HYNDLEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL COAL BOARD, WHO VISITED THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER ON MAY 30, SEEN TALKING TO RELATIVES OF THE DEAD AT EASINGTON.

The World of the Theatre.

TAKING IT OFF.

By J. C. TREWIN.

YEARS ago, one night, I made a long bus journey between two country villages, opposite a woman and her companion fresh from a local concert. The woman hardly stopped laughing. She had the sort of laugh that Priestley, in a scene from "Angel Pavement," tries to represent phonetically as "Ootch-ch-ch," and, like Priestley's character, she "roared and spluttered and coughed and wheezed very loudly" at the man beside her: he did nothing but nod like a mandarin. The only coherent words that we caught from the woman, among her gusts of laughter, were: "He took him off wonderful!" We felt sure that he did; by the time we had reached our village, the bus was an illuminated cave of laughter, with everyone laughing his heart out at a totally unknown joke. Someone had taken him off wonderful; that was all.

I remembered this after the first-nights of "The Love of Four Colonels" at Wyndham's, and "The Lyric Revue" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. In each there had been a good deal of taking-off: parody pressed upon parody, and mercifully most of it was shrewd ("He took him off wonderful!"). I say mercifully, because poor parody in the theatre can be the heart of dolour. It is like listening to somebody in the maze of a not-very-funny anecdote about a relative of someone you have never met and do not particularly want to meet.

First, I bow to Peter Ustinov for having provided the only plausible parody of Shakespeare I have heard for years, almost since Sir Alan Herbert's near-classic "Two Gentlemen of Soho." Feeble Shakespearean parody can be agonising. I remember that even Sid Field was defeated here, and there is a gloomy example in the current Prince of Wales revue, "Fancy Free," which reminds me only of the "Macbeth" line: "The deep damnation of his taking-off." The trouble is that the average parodist has no idea of Shakespearean rhythm. He merely falls into "Trothing," as Patrick Hamilton has called it, and talks like Hamilton's most terrifying personage, Mr. Thwaites: "Issuing therefrom, I take it, with diverse pills and potions, to heal thy ills."

W. S. Gilbert, as one would expect, had the right idea: "I would as lief be thrust through a quicket hedge as cry Pooh to a callow throstle." The sad Fool, whom Ustinov enjoys presenting in one of the inset scenes at Wyndham's, might have said this. Ustinov's parody does sound superficially right, and I shall look forward to reading of Desmonio and his Illyrian nun when the play is printed. "The Love of Four Colonels" is clearly for the study as well as for the stage: there are certain lines that should be more effective in the text than they are when spoken.

Why has Ustinov this chance for parody? We must not dive too deeply into the swirling waters of this play. Let me say hastily that we are in Germany, and that a four-Power commission of Colonels is discussing the problem of an impenetrable castle on a hill, a high-romantic place from the coloured frontispiece of any book of legend. A Bad Fairy arrives: he has a touch of Mephistopheles, a hint of Puck, a pair of searching eyes, a weary pout. Almost at once a Good Fairy arrives to preserve the balance: she is a trim little figure in the khaki uniform of a private. Presently, the four Colonels—English, French, Russian, American—are on the way to view the Sleeping Beauty.

It is not exactly a normal opening for a play, but then Ustinov is not fond of the

obvious. Even if he cheers any weaker spirits at the beginning by letting the four Colonels behave exactly as stage Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians and Americans are supposed to behave, he is ever ready to flick out the unexpected line. And now, when the four are in the castle, he is less expected still. Each



"A SCRAMBLING TOPICAL-FARCICAL COMEDY": "THE HAPPY FAMILY" AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE, A SCENE FROM MICHAEL CLAYTON HUTTON'S PLAY SHOWING THE FAMILY HURLING TINS OF VEGETABLES AT THE ADVANCING POLICE.

"The Happy Family," Michael Clayton Hutton's Festival comedy, opened at the Duchess Theatre on May 14. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Marina (Valerie Forrest); B.B.C. announcer (Tom Gill); Anne (Paula Young); Dad (Henry Kendall); David (Glyn Houston); Mum (Thora Hird); Joan (Joan Forrest); Cyril (Digby Wolfe) and Ada (Dandy Nichols).

Colonel finds himself wooing his ideal Beauty as the man he imagines himself to be.

That is where the four parodies come in, and that is why I think Ustinov wrote the play. We have in turn, on a stage within a stage—the dramatist has a reason for this—needed parodies of Marivaux, Shakespeare, Saroyan, and Tchegov. Ustinov is happy alike in mannered cuckoo-comedy, in iambs and punning prose, in the gum-and-treacle and the bumpy violence of Saroyan, and in gentle Russian

meandering, Tchegov-fashion. He is the happier because he has written for himself a part in each play: a cackling old husband, a word-spinning Fool, a gangster who seems to wear pneumatic clothing, and a roaming Russian who thinks it less cruel to shoot seagulls without a gun. At last the piece ends, after a special turn for the Colonels' four wives—this is the flattest part of the evening—with the departure of the British and Russian Colonels and the decision of the Frenchman and the American to remain sleeping near Beauty.

We need not seek too anxiously for Ustinov's deeper meanings. If we have to say—rather with O'Casey's Simon Norton in "The Silver Tassie"—"I can see no magnificent meaning jumping out of that," we must agree at least that the dramatist is a master of pastiche, one whose imitations are both comment and criticism. "He takes him off wonderful!" Ustinov's own performances apart, there are highly versatile ones by the four Colonels (Colin Gordon and Theodore Bikel in particular), Moira Lister as Beauty, and Gwen Cherrell as the Good Fairy who, like the bad one, is getting more than a little tired of her job. She and her opposite number have known each other since the Garden of Eden, so it is unlikely that there will be any marked change. Incidentally, the first line in the play—spoken by the English Colonel—is the simple: "We seem to have run out of conversation." This is something that can never happen in an Ustinov.

There is more taking-off at Hammersmith, where "The Lyric Revue," as gay an entertainment as any in London, is likely to stay on. I like the re-writing of "Peter Pan"

in the dreary "Streetcar" mood of Tennessee Williams, and it is a pleasant scheme to turn "Ghosts" into a musical play. The authors of the revue, and especially Arthur Macrae, are neat and prolific. Everyone seems to take off everybody else, and once the house starts to laugh it never stops. This is a first-rate intimate revue, not too parochial, never modishly

blue, full of swift lines and good tunes (there is a Noel Coward song), and presented by a company from whom I think of George Benson discussing scoops, Joan Heal entangled in a sedan-chair, Dora Bryan as a puffy Continental Cinderella, Graham Payn dancing, and Irlin Hall in song (this has immense charm) as a "bar-maid aux Folies-Bergère" who remembers Brittany.

Nobody takes off anyone in William Douglas Home's. "The Thistle and the Rose" (Vaudeville), which is the wisest kind of historical



"AS GAY AN ENTERTAINMENT AS ANY IN LONDON": "THE LYRIC REVUE" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH—AN ITEM ENTITLED "MODERN TRENDS" IN THE COMPANY OF FOUR'S FESTIVAL PRODUCTION. OUR CRITIC DESCRIBES THE REVUE AS "FULL OF SWIFT LINES AND GOOD TUNES."



"THE BEST INTIMATE REVUE FOR A LONG TIME": "THE LYRIC REVUE"—GRAHAM PAYN AND JOAN HEAL IN AN ITEM ENTITLED "ORNAMENTAL ORIENTALS."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE" (Vaudeville).—The path towards Flodden. William Douglas Home's intelligent and absorbing study of the Scottish King James the Fourth, acted by Hugh Burden. (May 15.)
 "FANCY FREE" (Prince of Wales).—"If it's laughter you're after—" but, alas, even with Tommy Trinder there is not much in this bang-about revue. (May 15.)
 "A SLEEP OF PRISONERS" (St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street).—Christopher Fry's play for churches has both a deeply serious intention and some of his inimitable phrasing (like Tennyson's "swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid"). The piece, subtly produced, is acted with confidence. (May 15.)
 SHAW FESTIVAL: SECOND BILL (Arts).—"Blanco Posnet" wears best in the new four-in-hand of Shavian one-acters. (May 16.)
 "HAMLET" (New).—The play's the thing. Unhappily, though all must sympathise with the resolve of a fine actor, Alec Guinness, to present the play lucidly and without tricks, the present company drains the excitement from Elsinore. It is probably better now that the terrors of an awkward first-night are over. (May 17.)
 "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Open Air, Regent's Park).—One of Robert Atkins's best productions, and with Leslie French back in the family. (May 21.)
 "CAFÉ CROWN" (Embassy).—A garrulous and mediocre comedy of theatre folk on the East Side of New York. (May 22.)
 "THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS" (Wyndham's).—Peter Ustinov acts five parts with foaming enthusiasm in his own tale of the Sleeping Beauty and a four-Power commission. Most of this is exuberantly inventive. (May 23.)
 "THE LYRIC REVUE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The best intimate revue for a long time. (May 24.)

chronicle play and must excite any reader of "Marmion" (there are still some, happily). Hugh Burden is sensitive in a part, that of James the Fourth of Scotland, that an uncertain actor could easily fog. Visitors to the Festival should see this, and they should also go up to Regent's Park and find what Robert Atkins and his cast can do with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on a scale more elaborate than usual. Leslie French (Puck) is back in the briskest manner, and as for the Mechanicals in the toils of "Pyramus and Thisby" the actors can take it off wonderful. One day there may be an end to the "Pyramus" variations; Mr. Atkins has devised one or two fresh ones, and my response at the première was immediate: something like this: "Ootch-ch-ch-ch!"

VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE V. AND A. MUSEUM: MASTERPIECES IN A CENTENARY EXHIBITION.



"THE OPTICAL WONDER OF THE AGE"—STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHY: A PICTURE OF MARGATE BEACH, c. 1857.



BY ANTOINE CLAUDET, F.R.S.: "THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON" (c. 1850), A STEREOSCOPIC DAGUERRETYPE.



"MISS CHALMERS AND HER BROTHER" (c. 1843): BY DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL AND ROBERT ADAMSON.



A CARTE-DE-VISITE: "QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT" (1861), BY J. F. MAYALL.



VICTORIAN DOMESTIC LIFE PRESERVED BY THE CAMERA: "THE MUSIC LESSON," A STEREOSCOPIC PICTURE OF c. 1857.



THE ROSSETTI FAMILY: DANTE GABRIEL, CHRISTINA, MRS. FRANCES ROSSETTI AND WILLIAM MICHAEL—A GROUP TAKEN BY LEWIS CARROLL ON OCTOBER 7, 1863.



"INTERIOR OF THE REDAN, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL, 1855": BY JAMES ROBERTSON, CHIEF ENGRAVER TO THE IMPERIAL MINT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

In connection with the Festival of Britain, the Arts Council has organised an exhibition of Victorian photography at the Victoria and Albert Museum which opened on May 1 and continues until October 11 (Sundays 2.30-6 included). The exhibition commemorates the centenary of the first important exhibition of photography ever held, which formed part of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, 1851. The exhibits in the current exhibition have been selected by Mr. Gernsheim, F.R.P.S., from the unique collection of nineteenth-century British photography which he has built up over the last six years with the assistance of his wife, and include the originals of many

familiar masterpieces known to the general public only from reproductions. Other sections of the exhibition are devoted to books illustrated with stuck-in photographs, beginning with the first of its kind—Fox Talbot's "Pencil of Nature," 1844; a display of cameras and other apparatus; and letters and manuscripts of famous British photographers. On this page we give some examples of stereoscopic photography, which enabled photographers to take street life and domestic scenes, an example of the work of Hill and Adamson, internationally recognised as the finest ever produced; a photograph by Lewis Carroll, and one of the popular carte-de-visite portraits.

ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF BABY MAMMALS: ATLANTIC SEAL CALVES.



ABOUT TWO WEEKS OLD AND SO FAT THAT IT CAN HARDLY MOVE: AN ATLANTIC SEAL CALF, ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF BABY MAMMALS.

OUR readers may remember some interesting photographs, published in our issue of December 3, 1949, of fox-cubs and badgers which were taken by Mr. R. L. Willan in an Oxford wood. He has since spent nine days on one of the few islands on which the Grey or Atlantic seal (*Halichærus grypus*) breeds, where he and a friend, Mr. C. A. M. Smith, took the photographs reproduced here and on the facing page. They write: "The island is a mile or so long and a third of a mile wide. It rises to over 300 ft. in the north, but consists mainly of a grassy

[Continued below.]



"THEY ARE MOST AMUSING WHEN THEY FIRST WAKE AND, TURNING ON ONE SIDE WITH ONE FLIPPER RAISED, REGARD THE INTRUDER WITH WIDE-EYED SURPRISE."

[Continued.] plateau with cliffs dropping vertically to the rock platform some 80 ft. below. In the southern half of the island especially, the cliff-line is broken into numerous small coves, which form ideal sheltered breeding-places for the seals. From the cliff-top we had a bird's-eye view of the seals below, but we usually heard them long before we saw them. There is almost continual crying from one or other of the calves, and if their calls remain too long unanswered, their voices begin to crack with exasperation. Mingling with the noise of the calves and the rumble of the surf is the occasional louder moaning of two cow seals quarrelling. In a typical cove at the beginning of October, the white forms of some dozen young seals are dotted over the beach.

[Continued above, right.]



IN THE PROCESS OF LOSING ITS FIRST WHITE COAT: A SEAL CALF ABOUT TWO TO THREE WEEKS OLD, WITH THE SECOND COAT SHOWING THROUGH ON THE FACE.



SHOWING THE ADULT'S LARGE, DARK EYES AND LONG, CURLING WHISKERS: AN ATLANTIC SEAL, WITH HER CALF, IN A ROCK POOL.

[Continued.]

If undisturbed, rather less than that number of cow seals are also out of the water, their darker mottled colouring blending with the grey cobbles and making them less conspicuous than the calves. A few will be suckling or playing with their young, but the greater number will be asleep. The cows are fond of lying at the water's edge, where the sea can break over them, and they sometimes suckle their young there. At one moment the cow and calf will be half afloat on the incoming sea, the next they will be left high and dry on the beach.

[Continued below.]



"AT BIRTH THE CALF IS ABOUT 3 FT. LONG AND ITS SKIN FITS LOOSELY": A VERY YOUNG SEAL CALF SEEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS ON A ROCK PLATFORM.

[Continued.]

Fifteen yards out in the water the heads of the other cows keep appearing and disappearing, and now and again a broader back and more massive nose indicate the bull. In the smaller coves there is only one bull, but some of the larger contain two or three. By approaching in stockinged feet it is possible to go close to the calves, and sometimes the cows too, as they lie asleep. The calves are fond of lying flat on their backs, with their flippers crossed on fat stomachs. They must be among the most enchanting of all baby mammals.

[Continued below.]



CHANGING FROM THE FIRST WHITE COAT TO THE BLUE-GRAY MOTTLING OF THE SECOND COAT: AN ATLANTIC SEAL CALF WHICH AT FOUR WEEKS HAS THE ADULT COLOURING.

[Continued.]

with their dense, soft coats of creamy white, which set off their black muzzles and enormous dark eyes. They are most amusing when they first wake and, turning on one side with one flipper raised, regard the intruder with wide-eyed surprise. Though the majority of calves are cream-coloured, a few pure white ones were found, and others of a dirty yellow colour. They have no external ears, but a close examination of a sleeping calf revealed the earholes and the dark, rubbery-looking valves which seal them under the water. The claws extend a little beyond the webs of both fore- and hind-limbs, but in the adults are flattened on the hind-limbs and no longer protrude beyond the web. At birth the calf is about 3 ft. long, and its skin fits loosely, but though it grows slowly in length, it puts on weight at a prodigious rate, and soon becomes so fat that it can hardly move. Later the calves

[Continued opposite.]

ON AN ISLAND BREEDING-GROUND OF THE ATLANTIC SEAL: COWS, CALVES AND A BULL.



FLOATING ON HIS BACK ASLEEP IN A FAVOURITE ROCK POOL: A SEAL CALF, ABOUT FOUR WEEKS OLD AND IN HIS SECOND COAT.

Continued. begin to lose their first white coat and the blue-grey mottling of the second coat first shows through on the face and the back of the fore-flippers as they are constantly rubbing their faces. At about four weeks of age they are completely rid of the first coat. The cow seals are typically light-grey in colour above and cream below, with darker grey mottlings all over, which show up conspicuously underneath, but merge with the ground colour on the back. The whiskers of the young seals become even more noticeable once the first coat is lost. The longest are about 5 ins. in length, with an upward bend at the end like an ice-hockey stick. The eyes are large and dark and surmounted by four whisker-like hairs, which remain stiff and upright, whether wet or dry. The bulls average 8 to 9 ft. in length, in comparison with the 6 to 7 ft. for the cows, and are more heavily built. The whiskers and the four stiff hairs above each eye are present as in the cows, but the muzzle is broader and more convex in profile. Their colour is a more uniform dark brown, and about the neck and throat there are loose folds of skin. . . . While still in their first white coat, the calves are given swimming lessons by their mothers in the surf, both deriving the greatest enjoyment from them. Calves of all ages practise swimming on their own in the rock

[Continued below.]

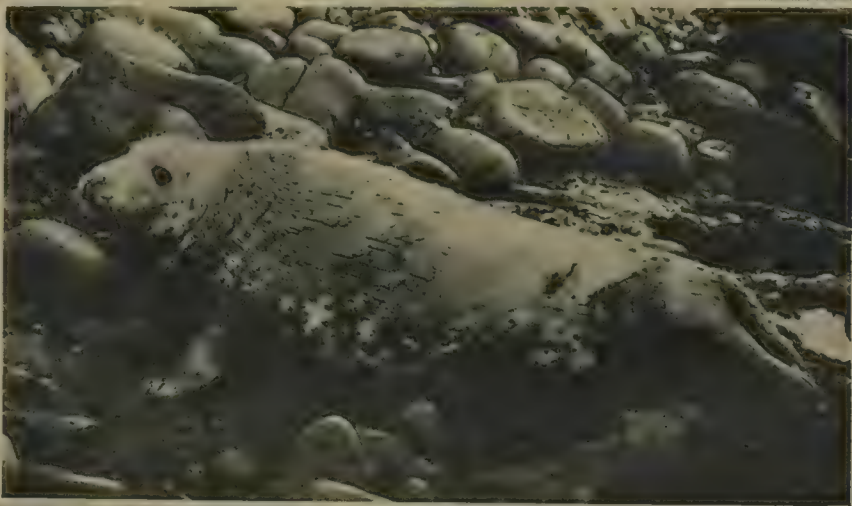


A SIESTA IN A ROCK POOL: AN ATLANTIC SEAL BULL SLEEPILY SCRATCHING HIS FACE ON BEING DISTURBED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.



A SCENE IN A TYPICAL COVE DURING THE BREEDING SEASON VIEWED FROM THE CLIFF-TOP ABOVE: SEAL COWS, WITH THEIR CALVES, ON THE BEACH AND LYING IN THE SURF WHERE THEY SOMETIMES SUCKLE THEIR YOUNG IN SPITE OF THE TURBULENCE OF THE INCOMING TIDE.

Continued. the body as well. . . . We had perfect weather for our last day on the island, and spent it on the rock platform, watching a few cow seals idly swimming or floating below us. At one moment they broke surface, emptying their lungs and blowing out a shower of water droplets, the next they sank slowly down below the surface and remained motionless, staring up at us through the clear water with wide-open eyes, while below them the greens and browns of the seaweeds, the red of the sea anemones and the black rocks made a background of colour—a vision of marine nature at its loveliest and most peaceful."



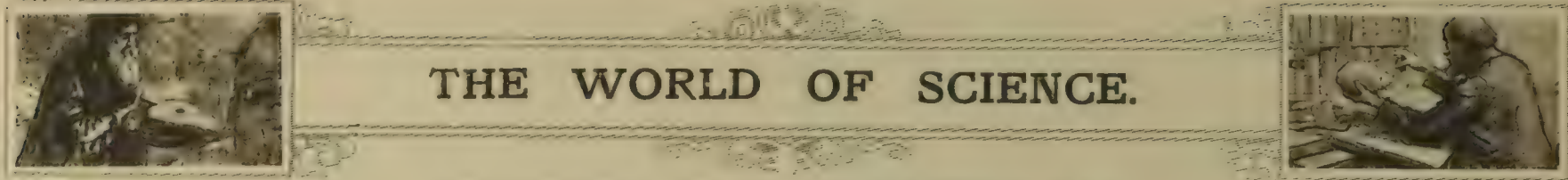
HAVING A MOTH-EATEN APPEARANCE OWING TO THE UNEVEN DRYING OF THE COAT: AN ATLANTIC SEAL COW LEVERING HERSELF ALONG ON HER FORE-FLIPPERS.

Continued. pools, and we saw one floating on his back with eyes shut tight, just occasionally exercising fore- or hind-flippers in a desultory fashion. . . . Between the coves there is a rock platform where both cows and calves are more scattered, and it is easier to get near to a sleeping bull without the cows giving the alarm. Once the bulls are asleep there is little difficulty in getting close to an isolated one, and we found that if we could get within 10 ft., both cows and bulls were much less alarmed than if they saw us at 20 yards. The bulls are fond of sleeping half-submerged in rock pools and we found one sound asleep with his head below water, coming up every two or three minutes to refill his lungs, but without waking up. On bright days a cliff-top view enabled us to watch the seals swimming effortlessly in the clear water below us. While moving slowly, or when stationary, they use the fore-limbs alone. They are fond of sleeping in deep water, with body vertical and nose pointed straight up at the sky, keeping afloat by slow movements of the fore-limbs. When moving at speed the main propulsion comes from the hind-limbs, the lateral movement including the rear portion of

[Continued above, right.]



SHOWING THAT SHE HAS BEEN SLEEPING ON HER BACK: A SEAL COW WITH A SHARP LINE SEPARATING THE SLEEK WET BACK FROM THE DRY FUR OF HER FLANKS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CICINDELA IS A CHARMING PET.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

UNTIL this year, I have known the green tiger-beetle (*Cicindela campestris*) as an elusive insect on sandy heaths. A handsome beetle, green with yellow spots, little more than half-an-inch long, it runs rapidly before one's feet on its long legs, or flies swiftly when disturbed and is soon lost to sight as it drops to the ground, or among the grass or heather a few yards away. The Cicindelidæ, the family to which it belongs, is described as a family of hunters. The family is better represented in the tropics. In this country there are four further species, *C. sylvatica*, *C. hybrida* and *C. maritima*, brown with yellow markings, and *C. germanica*, like *C. campestris*, but about half its size. Related to the ground-beetles on the one hand, and to the ladybirds on the other, tiger-beetles are also carnivorous. The tiger-beetle "has all the attributes of a hunter and slayer intensified; with long, very slender legs, ample wings and protuberant eyes, it is well fitted for the chase. Prominent and formidably-toothed mandibles give it a fearsome hold on its prey, once it is captured."

This year I have tried to know the beetle at close quarters, both in the wild and as a pet, with amusing, if not illuminating, results. My observations shed light on its abilities as a hunter, the value of its sense-organs and, not least, its emotions; and they make it more lovable and amusing than is conveyed in the terse textbook quotation given above.

First of all, my impressions of *Cicindela*, the intensified "hunter and slayer": these are summarised from a series of observations. In my experience, the beetle spends long intervals standing motionless, poised on its long, slender legs. The body is inclined at an angle of some 30 degrees to the horizontal, the head up and the antennæ spread wide out, their tips curved outwards. It is an attitude of apparent concentration, without a sign of movement, even in the antennæ. Suddenly, another insect moves over the ground a few inches away. Instantly, though with little perceptible movement, the tiger-beetle gives an impression of intense alertness. A pause, as the prey moves across its territory, then perhaps a swift rush, a snap of the jaws, and a miss. Or the beetle may follow its quarry in a series of short rushes, each followed by a pause. Or, again, it may be a swift rush, a leap upwards as the prospective victim rises into the air, the beetle falling over to finish up on its back. On one occasion a tiger-beetle chased and caught a woodlouse. It had considerable difficulty in grasping the crustacean, and although it worried it, and rolled it over and over, the tiger-beetle could make no impression on its armour. Finally, frustrated, the beetle turned away and cleaned itself all over. First, it rubbed the right-hand first and second legs together, then the antennæ and eyes were cleaned with the first leg on each side. Then the first and second legs on the left side were rubbed together, and after this the back was rubbed down thoroughly, first by the left-hand second, or middle, leg, then by the right-hand middle leg. Finally, the second and third legs of each side were combed one against the other. The details of the cleaning are given in full for two reasons: the sequence followed varied little at each cleaning; and the cleaning appeared to follow each frustration. It seems that it is not so much a cleaning as the using up of surplus or unused energy.

It was noticeable that sometimes, when, after a series of rushes, a victim escaped, the beetle would seize a sand-grain savagely in its jaws, then another, and another. The sequence was strongly reminiscent of the alleged human behaviour of biting the carpet in a rage. This

also would be followed by a cleaning. On one occasion a wolf-spider crossed a tiger-beetle's path. There was the sudden alerting of the insect's body, with the antennæ well "curved out and held high. Then came the rush as the spider made off; but as the beetle closed in on its prospective victim it stopped. The beetle stopped also, its head low down to the ground,

the antennæ lowered, held almost parallel and with the tips drooping. Each time the spider moved, the beetle would follow—so far. Always it stopped short of the spider, with an attitude of—submission, humility, respect? We have no words for it. The pantomime continued for some time, a mock chase, with no attempt on either side to fight. At last, the beetle bounded on its front legs, dipping the front part of the body, as a puppy will when it wants to play with, say, a hedgehog, but is afraid to go too near. Then, like a puppy, the beetle turned away, as if it had lost interest—and proceeded to clean itself.

Hunter and slayer intensified! That is, perhaps, overstating the case. Of course, a tiger-beetle does sometimes make a capture. Its first action usually in such a case is to bite off its victim's head at the neck. In one such instance, it had to bite 200 times at the neck, with its "formidably-toothed mandibles," before severing it. During that time its victim struggled but little, and that at first only. Perhaps the tiger-beetle injects its victim with poison. At all events, the woodlouse whose armour its jaws could not cut died soon after. And on another occasion, following a frustrated chase, a tiger-beetle bit savagely at a light-coloured tuft and left small brown stains wherever its jaws had worked.

It was interesting to note how a tiger-beetle became aware of and by what senses it detected and followed its prey. To begin with, there was an indication that the prominent eyes came early into play, but every observation suggested that only a moving insect caught its attention.

Experiments were subsequently tried with a beetle in a vivarium, to test this. It was found that a finger moving over the glass left it unmoved. The fine tips of a pair of forceps moving across the glass, or even brought fairly close to its head, produced no perceptible reaction, nor did small objects held in the forceps. Summing up, it appeared that the eyes worked at close range, at a maximum of 6 ins. approximately, and that they reacted only to movements characteristic of small arthropods—other insects, woodlice, spiders and suchlike. There is in this an obvious economy of effort, the beetle being held from chasing animals beyond its capacity to overcome, or moving objects of other kinds, such as wind-blown leaves or grass.

It was, however, while testing our captive beetle's reaction to sounds or vibrations that we noticed, as we talked with faces close to the glass of the vivarium, that the sound of the human voice had an obvious effect on the insect. This was particularly so with the female voice. At the first sounds its body was alerted, and in a while it advanced towards the source of the sound in a series of short runs. When the voice ceased, the insect cleaned itself. Brahms's "Cradle Song," sung by a female voice, set it running wildly round the vivarium and indulging in other erratic antics. At the end of the recital, the beetle cleaned itself vigorously. This was in marked contrast with its complete immobility when bangings or harsh sounds were used.

By a process of elimination it was found that high notes, resembling the hum of a bee's wings, were the real cause of the excitement. The use of various tuning-forks produced little or no response, however, so we may assume that the response to sound is utilitarian, not æsthetic, and almost certainly is related to the sound made by the wings of prospective prey approaching. It looks as though the distant detection of prey is through some form of auditory receptor, though there are no special organs of hearing, and that visual perception comes into play at closer range.



SHOWING THE LARGE EYES AND FORMIDABLE JAWS: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE HEAD OF A TIGER-BEETLE WHICH HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS A "HUNTER AND SLAYER," ALTHOUGH IT WILL HESITATE TO ATTACK OTHER CARNIVOROUS INSECTS OR SPIDERS EVEN IF THEY ARE SMALLER THAN ITSELF.



GREEN WITH YELLOW SPOTS AND ABOUT HALF-AN-INCH LONG: THE TIGER-BEETLE, *Cicindela campestris*, WHICH LIVES TYPICALLY ON SANDY HEATHS, MORE COMMONLY IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND. The tiger-beetle feeds on other small insects and lays its eggs in the sand, and the larvæ construct a burrow large enough to take the body, in which they lie in wait for their prey. Because of its colour, the beetle is not conspicuous, and on the wing resembles a large fly.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF 'FRIENDSHIP.'

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, either at home or abroad, whom we are not able to see frequently, yet desire to keep in touch with. Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.	6 months and Xmas No.	6 months without Xmas No.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Inland	5 16 0	2 19 6	2 16 6
Canada	5 0 0	2 12 0	2 8 9
Elsewhere Abroad	5 5 0	2 14 3	2 11 0

IN KOREA: GROUND NOW HALLOWED BY THE BLOOD OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS, AND COMMUNIST PRISONERS-OF-WAR.



WHERE THE GLOUCESTERS MADE THEIR HEROIC STAND AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS: GREEK SOLDIERS ON THE HILL ON THE IMJIN RIVER FRONT, WHERE THE GALLANTRY OF AN ENGLISH REGIMENT UPSET THE TIMETABLE OF THE COMMUNIST OFFENSIVE OF APRIL 22.



"... SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD THAT IS FOR EVER ENGLAND". BRITISH SOLDIERS FIND THE HILL-TOP GRAVE OF ONE OF THE GALLANT GLOUCESTERS DURING THE UNITED NATIONS' ADVANCE.



IN A PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN PUSAN, KOREA: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF COMMUNIST TROOPS WHO HAVE SURRENDERED TO UNITED NATIONS FORCES.

On June 2 Mr. Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, while being questioned by the Senate Committee, said that the last stand of the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, was "one of the great stories in military history. It was very gallant. It was a superb thing . . . they held up the entire advance of the Chinese in the western sector until the rest of the troops could get themselves into position." The hill on the Imjin River front where the action took place was retaken by Greek troops on May 27, when a wounded



THE MOST DEADLY FOE OF ARMIES IN THE FIELD—DISEASE: COMMUNIST PRISONERS BEING DUSTED WITH D.D.T. TO RID THEM OF TYPHUS-CARRYING LICE.

survivor of the battalion was found in a farmhouse near by. The U.N. troops found many graves on the hillside and much burnt-out equipment which had been destroyed by the Gloucesters before they were overrun. Following the second phase of the Communist offensive and the sweep forward of United Nations troops, many thousands of Communists have surrendered. Many of these men were found to be diseased, and prisoners are now medically examined and dusted with D.D.T. at the earliest possible moment after their capture.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ADDRESSING THE FOREIGN PRESS: DR. MOSSADEQ, THE PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER, SUPPORTED ON BOTH SIDES. Dr. Mossadeq, the Persian Prime Minister, made a statement on oil nationalisation to the Foreign Press on May 25 in the Parliament building at Teheran. It was his first public utterance since he took refuge there on May 13. He was supported by General Kazem Sheibani (left) and Hussein Makki.



IN BRITAIN ON HER FIRST VISIT: MISS MARGARET TRUMAN, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT TRUMAN. Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of President Truman, arrived at Southampton on June 2 on her first visit to Britain. She has arranged to stay here until June 11, when she will leave for a visit to Holland, France, Belgium and Italy. On the day after her arrival she had luncheon with Mr. Churchill at Chartwell, Westerham.



AFTER SETTING UP A NEW RECORD FOR A FLIGHT OVER THE NORTH POLE: CAPTAIN CHARLES BLAIR.

Captain Charles Blair, a former U.S. Navy pilot, set up a new record on May 29 with a non-stop solo flight from Bardufoss, Norway, over the North Pole to Alaska, a distance of 3375 miles, in 10 hrs. 29 mins. Our photograph shows Captain Blair alighting from his converted Mustang fighter.



SIR ANDERSON MONTAGUE-BARLOW. Died on May 31, aged eighty-three. He was Minister of Labour in the Conservative administration under Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin from 1922 to 1923. He was well known as a barrister, a Churchman, chairman of Sothebys for a number of years, and as chairman of the Royal Commission on the Location of Industry.



NIGERIAN CHIEFS VISITING ENGLAND TO STUDY AGRICULTURAL METHODS AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT: MALLAM AHAMADU, 10TH LAMIDO OF ADAMAWA, AND THE EMIR OF GOMBE (CENTRE, L. AND R.), WITH MUHAMMADU RIBADU (LEFT) AND MALLAM JAURO. THEIR PROGRAMME HAS BEEN ARRANGED BY THE BRITISH COUNCIL.



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR R. TYRWHITT. Died on May 30, aged eighty-one. He was one of the outstanding commanders of World War I., in which he had the unique distinction of holding the same command, the Harwich Naval Force, throughout. He was C-in-C. China Station, 1927-29; C-in-C. The Nore, 1930-33; and Principal Naval A.D.C. to the King, 1932-34.



VICE-ADMIRAL M. J. MANSERGH. To be C-in-C. Plymouth in succession to Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor. We regret that in our issue of June 2 a photograph which we were given to believe was one of Vice-Admiral M. J. Mansergh was in fact his brother, Vice-Admiral C. A. L. Mansergh, who is Flag Officer Commanding Second Cruiser Squadron.



THE AMERICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER AND WEST GERMAN LEADERS AFTER RECEIVING HONORARY DEGREES FROM MARYLAND UNIVERSITY: MR. MCCLOY, HERR HEUSS,

DR. ADENAUER AND DR. VON KRESS. The American High Commissioner in Germany, the West German President, Herr T. Heuss, the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, and the Rector of the Free University of Berlin were given honorary degrees by the University of Maryland at Bonn.



LIEUT. BERNARD DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY. Only son of General de Lattre de Tassigny, the French C-in-C. in Indo-China, was killed at the head of his company in the fighting around Ninhbinh during the Vietminh Communist offensive at the end of May. He was twenty-three and has been posthumously awarded the Légion d'Honneur and the Croix de Guerre with Palm.



CELEBRATING THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF JET-POWERED FLIGHT: (L. TO R.) MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH; MR. W. G. CARTER; SIR FRANK WHITTLE AND SIR FRANK SPRIGGS AT A LONDON DINNER.

A dinner was held at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on May 31, to mark the tenth anniversary of the first flight of the Gloster E28/39 aircraft powered by a Whittle W1 jet engine. Guests of honour included Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle (designer of the jet engine); Mr. W. G. Carter (pioneer partner of Sir Frank Whittle); Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor and Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Trenchard.



FIELD MARSHAL PAPAGOS. Unexpectedly resigned on May 30 as C-in-C. of the Greek armed forces. A Government announcement said that the resignation was due to poor health. Field Marshal Papagos assumed his command in 1948. He led the Greek Army during the Albanian campaign in 1940-41. King Paul has temporarily taken over the Field Marshal's duties.



PRESENTING THE BOYD TROPHY TO H.M.S. THESEUS: ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD FRASER (LEFT) WITH LIEUT.-COMMANDER M. P. G. SMITH, WHO RECEIVED IT ON BEHALF OF THE AIR GROUP.

The aircraft-carrier *Theseus* (Captain A. S. Bolt, R.N.) arrived at Portsmouth on May 29 after a period of active service in Korean waters, and was presented with the Boyd Trophy at a ceremony on the flight-deck. The trophy was presented by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser, First Sea Lord, and received by Lieutenant-Commander M. P. G. Smith, R.N., in command of the air group of *Theseus*.

NAVAL EVENTS: "THESEUS" RETURNS, AND SWEDISH WARSHIPS VISIT LONDON.



WITH RATINGS SPELLING OUT HER NAME ON THE FLIGHT-DECK, H.M.S. *THESEUS* SAILS UP-CHANNEL TO PORTSMOUTH AFTER HER OUTSTANDING WAR SERVICE.

After many months of active service, the light fleet carrier *Theseus* returned to her home port, Portsmouth, on May 29. Her distinguished record in the Korean War had won her the Boyd Trophy—presented annually for the finest feat of aviation in the Navy—for outstanding flying and maintenance. (See also page 954).



OFFICERS AND RATINGS OF THE SWEDISH NAVY, FROM WARSHIPS VISITING THE THAMES, MARCHING INTO WHITEHALL TO TAKE PART IN A CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH.



ADMIRAL SIR HAROLD KINAHAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR IN THE SWEDISH CRUISER *GÖTA LEJON*.



TWO OF THE WARSHIPS OF THE SWEDISH HOME FLEET, WHICH LATELY VISITED THE THAMES: THE CRUISER *GÖTA LEJON* (LEFT) AND THE DESTROYER *UPPLAND*, OFF GREENWICH. During the first week of June, a number of ships of the Swedish Home Fleet have been visiting the Thames in a Festival Goodwill Tour. On May 31 Rear-Admiral Ericson, Commander-in-Chief of the Swedish Home Fleet, laid a wreath on the Cenotaph. Some 230 officers and ratings of the Swedish Navy, including a band, took part in the ceremony. Two of Sweden's newest and most powerful warships, the cruisers *Göta Lejon* and *Tre Kronor*, were among the units visiting the Thames. These cruisers were completed in 1947; they are sister-ships and have a displacement of 7400 tons, and are exceptionally well-protected with armour. Each has seven 6-in. guns. Several destroyers accompanied the two cruisers, including the modern sister-ships *Öland* and *Uppland*, of 1880 tons.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CITY OF LONDON PLATE.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE Goldsmiths' Company, of all the ancient City Livery Companies, remains closest to its craft. Moreover, it has power—the right of search, the right to prosecute for infringement of the law concerning hall-marks, the statutory duty of Assay. It also has ideals in such matters as education, as London University and many other august bodies know very well. When I was recently in Foster Lane an international educational conference was in progress in one part of the building; in the other was an exhibition of plate from the fifteenth century onwards which can only be described as magnificent. The public appeared to share my opinion; the rooms were crowded, and no wonder, for it will be a long time before we have the opportunity of seeing so many famous pieces all together. This particular show will close on June 16 and I would urge readers not to miss it, for they have the opportunity of seeing some of the finest secular pieces in existence. Having formed an opinion about the achievements of the past, we shall then be provided with the chance of discovering for ourselves what the craftsman of to-day can do. Another exhibition—this time of modern work, including ceremonial pieces—will open on July 2 and continue up to August 31.

As I have said, the Company remains close to its craft; the backward glance is not enough. It is not easy to choose from so many notable things some one piece which can by a stretch of the imagination be said to epitomise the exhibition as a whole—I merely note a few which, for one reason or another, make a special appeal to me, and the first must be the magnificent Standing Salt of Fig. 1, partly because of its associations, and partly because many critics whose views I regard with respect have no great liking for it; they say it is

country. It was then bought by Thomas Seymour, who presented it to the Goldsmiths' Company and in exchange was excused serving as Touchwarden and from all other offices. "One of the neatest pieces of plate I ever saw," said Pepys, and in spite of the critics, I agree with him. To be sure, it is a trifle lavish for austere tastes, and maybe the winged cherubs applied to the silver parts are unnecessary, but the pierced and engraved band all round the crystal centre, the four eagles above and the eight lions couchant which support the base are not incongruous and are worthily carried by the octagonal design.



FIG. 1. "ONE OF THE NEATEST PIECES OF PLATE I EVER SAW," SAID SAMUEL PEPYS OF THIS SILVER-GILT STANDING SALT, WHICH WAS MADE ABOUT 1662 FOR PRESENTATION BY THE CORPORATION OF PORTSMOUTH TO CHARLES II.'S QUEEN, CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA.

As a contrast, I would recommend the salt-cellar lent by the Upholders' Company (Fig. 2), a piece of homely ingenuity (1697) not at all in the grand manner, but triangular, with a little pavilion, the device of the Company, at each corner. Cups, flagons, dishes, tankards—including some outsize tankards, which, I gather, were made expressly for presentation, not for use—are present in plenty. There is an interesting case of spoons illustrating the hall-marks through the centuries, and another containing a few forgeries, as a reminder of the Company's statutory duty under the law. To sell a piece of silver not up to standard or with a false mark is a felony—and, if my memory is not at fault, that can mean seven long years as the guest of his Majesty.

Not for nothing was St. Dunstan the patron saint of the Goldsmiths. It was with the tongs of his trade, not the domestic fireside

tongs, that he rebuked sin by tweaking the Devil's nose, and one only of the many regrettable losses the Company has to record is the destruction of a fine silver-gilt figure of the Saint, broken up at the Reformation as savouring of "idolatry, superstition and hypocrisy." How much of the plate of the City Companies was melted down from time to time no man can tell. Sometimes a Company would find itself in financial difficulties, and

would sell or pledge its silver. Sometimes a forced loan to the Government of the day depleted its reserves. When all was fair sailing once more a new piece would often be made and inscribed with the name of the original donor whose gift had been melted down. Some Companies lost their plate in the Great Fire of 1666, others sacrificed a portion in order to finance rebuilding.

It is odd to stroll round the present exhibition and realise that the last occasion on which a comparable array of fine pieces was to be seen in the Hall was when the contributions from other livery companies

were brought in to be weighed prior to melting for conversion into money to pay Cromwell's Army during the Civil War. In addition to the plate acquired throughout the centuries from contemporary makers, the Companies themselves and other bodies, such as the Bank of England, the Hudson's Bay Company and Lloyd's, have become collectors of pieces of special interest to themselves, and these are by no means the least interesting in the exhibition. There have also been important gifts to the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple, to the former by the will of Mr. F. P. Schiller, K.C., to the latter by the gift of Lord Rothermere. I illustrate in Fig. 3 a splendid austere porringer, with cover, of the year 1684, lent by the Inner Temple.

As the show is confined to secular pieces, there is no Church plate as such, but a sidelight upon old, unhappy controversies is provided by the inclusion of a few vessels originally made for domestic use but transferred to churches in place of the original chalices. In the reign of Elizabeth the churches were ordered to replace the chalice by a Communion cup. Most of them had their chalice melted down and fashioned into a cup of an appropriate design. Some, however, acquired a domestic cup instead, and there are two very beautiful examples, one from St. Margaret Pattens, the other from St. Olave's, Hart Street. Similarly, while many parishes had a flagon specially made, others obtained one which had been originally in secular use; thus, the noble flagon belonging to St. Mary Woolnoth, made in 1587, did not reach the church till 1697.

So much for the current exhibition and its historic associations. The one that follows will look forward to the future. As in other departments of the arts,



FIG. 2. "A PIECE OF HOMELY INGENUITY, NOT AT ALL IN THE GRAND MANNER": A SILVER-GILT TRIANGULAR SALT-CELLAR, LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY THE UPHOLDERS' COMPANY, AND BEARING PAVILIONS, THE DEVICE OF THAT COMPANY.

incoherent, and explain this by suggesting that the maker apparently made use of all the models available in his shop in its decoration. It was made in or before 1662 (when Samuel Pepys saw it) by order of the Corporation of Portsmouth for presentation to Queen Catherine of Braganza on her arrival in England for her marriage to Charles II. The Queen returned to Portugal in 1692 and seems to have left it behind as not fashionable in her own



FIG. 3. "A SPLENDID AUSTERE PORRINGER" WITH A COVER, OF THE YEAR 1684, SILVER GILT, WHICH WAS BEQUEATHED BY THE WILL OF MR. F. P. SCHILLER, K.C., TO THE INNER TEMPLE, WHO HAVE LENT IT TO THE EXHIBITION.

it is a little difficult to prognosticate about the future of patronage. The old, spacious days have gone, but it is at least probable that public and semi-public organisations will partly replace the private patron—or, if not replace, complement his activities. What the Goldsmiths' Company is doing is to see that standards of craftsmanship are maintained, that ancient traditions are guided into modern channels, and that young men with ability are encouraged. Floreat.

ENGLAND IN FESTIVAL YEAR: TRADITIONAL ASPECTS OF TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE RECORDED BY CAMERA.



ON VIEW AT THE FESTIVAL EXHIBITION OF HERALDRY AT THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: THE WESTMINSTER TOURNAMENT ROLL—A PICTORIAL RECORD OF JOUSTS HELD IN 1511.

On June 4 a Festival Exhibition of objects of heraldic and historical interest was opened at the College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, by the Lord Mayor of London, and will continue for four weeks (daily—10-6, except Sundays). Our photograph shows the Westminster Tournament Roll—a pictorial record of the jousts held by Henry VIII, to celebrate the birth of Henry, Duke of Cornwall, who died shortly afterwards. The Roll is illuminated in gold, silver and colours upon vellum.



FORMED AS A HAMMER SURMOUNTED BY THE CREST OF THE BLACKSMITHS' COMPANY: A STAFF-HEAD.

The exhibition of City of London Plate at the Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, closes on June 16, and another exhibition—of modern work—will open there on July 2. This staff-head of parcel gilt is dated 1659, and has been lent for the current exhibition by the Blacksmiths' Company.



THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE CYCLE OF YORK MYSTERY PLAYS IN THE MUSEUM GARDENS—A FEATURE OF YORK'S FESTIVAL FORTNIGHT, WHICH OPENED ON JUNE 3.

One of the features of York's Festival fortnight, which opened on June 3, is the performance of the cycle of York Mystery Plays in the Museum Gardens, with the pointed arches of St. Mary's ruined Abbey as a background. The plays have not been acted, it is believed, since 1572.



A LINK WITH JOHN BUNYAN RESTORED: THE INTERIOR OF THE MOOT HALL, ELSTOW, BEDFORDSHIRE, AFTER THE OFFICIAL OPENING BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BEDFORDSHIRE COUNCIL.

The ancient Moot Hall at Elstow, the village where John Bunyan was born, has been restored as part of the Bedfordshire County Council's Festival of Britain programme. The building was recently opened by Sir Thomas Keens, Chairman of the County Council. The hall and the village green were presented to the Council by Major Simon Whitbread.



IN THE REDECORATED CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE TELLERS' STICKS AND AN HOUR-GLASS USED FOR TIMING DIVISIONS WHICH STAND ON THE CLERK'S TABLE.

When Parliament met after the recess on May 29, the House of Lords returned to its own Chamber after ten years' occupation of the King's Robing Room. When the House of Commons was destroyed by bombing in 1941, the Lords gave up their Chamber for the use of the Commons. Since its vacation, after the opening of the new House of Commons last autumn, the Lords' Chamber has been redecorated and renovated.



REOCCUPIED BY THE LORDS AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TEN YEARS: THE RENOVATED CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS AS SEEN FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THEMES turning on a question of identity—its loss or its disguise—have, one would say, a thriller-element as such. They start a pleasing tremor in the mind, and, as it were, foreshadow an exciting story. This week, however, proves that the excitement need not arise, and yet the story may not be a failure. For here we have two novels of identity, in different veins, and each quite lacking in suspense of the expected type.

"Three Names for Nicholas," by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Macmillan; 9s. 6d.), deals with identity sloughed off. Nicholas is the rector of a country parish; he has a beautiful and ordered home, a charming wife, two model little girls. And he is at his wits' end. For his religious impulse was awakened by an Indian *sadhu*, chatting with some disciples by the roadside. This scene gave a new meaning to the life of Christ, and fixed the young man's view of Christianity as something footloose, carefree and informal—a nomadic brotherhood, knowing neither property nor kin. He entered the Church to "forsake all," and then he fell in love; and now his whole existence is a cage. So, when a land-mine strikes the parish hall where he is thought to be, he dies as Nicholas, and joins the ranks under a new name.

While the war lasts, this second life approaches his ideal. No ties, no worldly cares, no burden of possessions—and a true brotherhood. He is allowed to chum in with a group of three, all working men, therefore all halloed with unconscious worth. He sees them more than life-size, as "Christianity itself"; and he is blissfully contented. Hardship and danger are no drawbacks, they are half the charm. All through the Madagascar landing and the war in Burma, Jack, Slipper, Ned and he have been as thick as thieves, and it is understood that peace shall not part them. Since Ned has gladly dropped his own family, it does not strike him that the families of Jack and Slipper may be an obstacle.

But they, of course, have something to go back to; only Nicholas is at a loose end. He is the last to be demobilised, and on returning home finds that the other three, so far from having kept together, have completely lost touch. And in the light of peace, each one has shed his halo. Jack is a thriving and submissive product of the welfare State; Slipper has naturally slipped into the black market; and even Ned, still welcoming and footloose, somehow won't do. Life as a circus hand seems rather pointless—not like the army.

So Nicholas has failed, and has to try again. I don't think his religious quest is very hopeful. The Indian *sadhu* was a teacher and contemplative, and his disciples were being taught, but Nicholas is merely drifting, in a high-minded way. Indeed, his faith seems little more than a revulsion from domestic ties, and bourgeois, unheroic living. The novel is an admirable study of this male revolt; both of its wartime victory, and its frustration in the world of peace.

"The Dark Page," by Neil Bell (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), is strictly masculine in tone, but wholly unencumbered with ideals. For its narrator is a man of the world, who always knows that it is "all a racket"—science, religion, government, or what you will. As he says typically at one moment, apropos of nothing much: "I no longer listen to proofs, and I find mathematicians, astronomers, metaphysicians, astrologers, mystics and philosophers all equally pompous blethering windy donkeys." Which does not mean that he has no opinions of his own, but simply clears the decks for them. Oddly enough, this truculent and random chat, these worldly scraps and anecdotes are the real interest. The story could not, given its bare bones, have less dramatic grip.

It is the story of a lost identity. The hero has been badly damaged in a railway accident, and finds himself without a past. For fear of medical restraint he does not tell, but gives the name of Rossiter, and secretly resolves to track himself down. This will need ample means, and so he goes into the black market—without a qualm, because all property is theft, and anyhow the compensation for his injuries was quite inadequate. In three years he is rolling, and retires from crime, unless you count evasion of income-tax. And then the search begins. Half-memories, bewildered promptings lead to and fro, bring him a number of acquaintances, and set him trailing this or that young man—always "remarkable"—who may be the forgotten self. And in the end it just comes back to him. And then we hear the story of his first life. There are some incidents which have the stuff of drama, and the deaths by violence—unconnected violence—keep mounting up. But there is little tension or emotion. It is all desultory; but lifelike in its desultory way, and far from dull.

"Iris in Winter," by Elizabeth Cadell (Robert Hale; 9s. 6d.), is merely gay and entertaining. It has a very slender plot, which anyhow is not the best part. Iris, the lively, urban and sophisticated, works on a newspaper; her sister Caroline, a young and placid widow, is content to vegetate. And this she does at High Ambo, a small north-country village animated solely by a boys' prep school and a ferociously eccentric peer. Presently Iris is instructed to go up and stay with her, on what the boss calls a reporting job, though it is really eyewash. And to her great surprise, the bird of passage falls in love with a schoolmaster. Worse still, he is impervious and even rude; in fact, he is the weakest point. But the two sisters, wholly opposite yet equal in charm, and their outrageous brother, and the little boys, and the eccentric peer, and all the local incidents and humours make an engaging blend. The story has real grace and wit.

"Opening Night," by Ngaio Marsh (Collins; 9s. 6d.), has a stage background, and a streak of fairytale. Its gallant little Cinderella from New Zealand is alone in London, robbed, stranded, trudging round the agencies in vain. The Vulcan Theatre is her last hope. It fails—and yet not quite; the leading lady's dresser has been taken ill. And that, thinks Martyn, is the real-life version of an old daydream, in which the star is incapacitated and the little novice leaps into fame. But she is wrong, for something very like the daydream actually ensues; only her magic hour is blighted by a sudden death in the company. Not for the first time in this theatre, our old friend Alleyn comes to take charge; and once again he quashes the idea of suicide. I found the truth hard to swallow, and I am not as fond of actors' shop as of some other kinds; therefore I shouldn't place this as a front-rank Marsh. But that the author is front-rank there can be no doubt.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ONE of the most colourful participants in the Staunton Centenary Tournament now in progress is the sixty-two-year-old Russian-born German Bogolyubov, who fought two unsuccessful but highly entertaining matches with Alekhine for the World Championship in the 1930's. Equally colourful is Arturito Pomar, born in the Balearic Isles, who leapt into what world fame the counterblast of war news allowed, by drawing with Alekhine in a tournament in Spain at the age of twelve. Eighteen now, though recognised as an international master, he cannot be said to have fulfilled all the brilliance of his early promise.

These two, the veteran "grand-master" and the now—no longer—child prodigy, met for the first time in Germany a few weeks ago. Youth was served—with a beating. Pomar was confronted with a totally new twist in the opening, and had a lost game from move six.

WHITE.	BLACK.
(Bogolyubov.)	(Pomar.)
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3
2. B-Kt5	

A peculiar move with little merit—unless Black thinks it is very bad indeed!

3. B-R4	2. Kt-K5
4. B-Kt3	P-KKt4
5. P-K3!	P-KR4
	P-Q4

If he plays 5... P-KR5, thinking to win a piece, he only gets a tattered position after 6. B-K5, P-KB3; 7. B-Q3, P-Q4; 8. P-KB3, Kt-Q3; 9. B×Kt.

6. B-Q3	P-R5?
7. B-K5	P-KB3
8. P-KB3	P×B
9. P×Kt	Kt-B3
10. Kt-QB3	QP×P
11. B×P	Q-Q3
12. Q-Q3	P×P

Another amusing possibility here: 12... Kt-Kt5; 13. B-Kt6ch, K-Q1; 14. Q-K4, R-R3; 15. Castles (Q), Q×B; 16. P×P dis ch, followed by Q×Kt.

13. Castles (Q) B-Kt5
If 13... P×Kt; 14. B-Kt6ch, K-Q1; 15. Q-K2 winning Black's queen.

14. B-Kt6ch	K-Q1
15. Kt-Kt5	Q-Q4
16. P-B4	Q-Q2
If 16... Q×KtP; 17. B-K4 etc.	
17. Kt-KB3	P-R6
18. Kt(Kt5)×QP	P×P
19. KR-Kt1	K-B1
20. Q-K4!	B-R6

Against the threat of Kt-B5, winning the queen, Black is helpless.

21. Kt-B5	Q×Rch
22. R×Q	P-R3
23. Kt×P(Kt5)	B×Kt
24. B×Bch	K-Kt1
25. Q×KtP and won.	

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GERMAN PATRIOT OR BRITISH SPY?

TO pose a rhetorical question and then not to answer it can be irritating or stimulating, or both. Mr. Ian Colvin, in his life of Admiral Canaris, "Chief of Intelligence" (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), asks a whole series of rhetorical questions, but leaves the reader to puzzle out his or her own answers. Admiral Wilhelm Canaris became head of the German Intelligence Service—the *Abwehr*—in the early years of the Hitler régime. The *Abwehr*, divided into three departments—espionage, sabotage and counter-espionage—constituted a state within a state. One of Hitler's agreements with the Nationalists and the Army which he made on obtaining power was that he would not interfere with its workings. It was to report to the Service chiefs alone. The new chief of the *Abwehr* was a blue-eyed little naval officer with a gift for languages, a flair for intrigue, and a liking for intelligence missions abroad. He had distinguished himself as a serving officer in World War I. There had been a time of somewhat questionable activities in

the confused period after that war—the period of the Kapp *putsch* and the Socialist Noske's vigorous suppression of the attempts at Communist revolution. The British Intelligence services do not seem, however, to have spotted the fact that the little German naval officer who liked riding in the Berlin parks was their new chief opponent. Or was he? There seems to have been no doubt that, from an early stage of the Hitler régime, Canaris, foreseeing the destruction of Germany in a future war, was anxious to establish and maintain relations with the British Secret Service, for which he had a profound admiration, greatly overestimating both its skill and its powers—imagining it to be in some way a counterpart to the *Abwehr* and, as such, being able to pursue an independent policy of its own. Not that the Admiral had any illusions about the British Secret Service. "I must warn you against the British Secret Service," he told his subordinates on one occasion, "for several reasons. Should you work for them it will most probably be brought to my notice as I think I have penetrated it here and there. They will want to send messages about you in cypher and from time to time we can break a cypher. Your names would appear in files and registers. That is bad, too. It would be difficult to overlook such activities in the long run. It has also been my experience that the Secret Service will requite you badly—if it is a matter of money, let me tell you, they do not reward services well, and, if they have the least suspicion, they will not hesitate to betray you to me or to my colleagues of the Reich Security Service." Nevertheless, there is little doubt that behind the secret negotiations, in which Mr. Colvin took part, to persuade the British Government to take a strong line over Czechoslovakia and thus enable the monarchist and service anti-Hitler elements in Germany to accomplish Hitler's downfall, the hand of Canaris could be seen. The plot to arrest Hitler on his return from Berchtesgaden collapsed when Chamberlain went to Munich. From the outset of the war Canaris appears to have used the *Abwehr* to accomplish the downfall of Hitler. Not the least interesting of Mr. Colvin's revelations is the part played by Canaris in stiffening Franco's hand so that the Hendaye negotiations, at which Hitler attempted to secure a free passage for German troops across Spain to attack Gibraltar, came to nothing. Canaris was far too shrewd and enigmatic to allow himself to appear openly in the plots against Hitler. Indeed, it is not really clear whether he in fact played any major part in the July 20 bomb-plot, for which he paid with his life. It is true, however, that the rest of the *Abwehr* were in it up to their necks, and that the Nazis, from their point of view, were justified in the wholesale slaughter of *Abwehr* officers which followed. Mr. Colvin sums up his own book in advance when he writes: "I have not attempted... a verdict on his strange character. Readers will have to judge for themselves whether he was a German patriot or a British spy, a European statesman or a cosmopolitan intriguer, a double agent, an opportunist, or a seer. It will not be easy for them to make up their minds." It is not indeed. That matters little. What does matter is that Mr. Colvin has written one of the most exciting, enigmatic and intriguing stories for a very long time.

From the excitements of espionage and intrigue in the twentieth, to the study of the placidity of the artistic world of the later eighteenth century, is a pleasant step. Mr. Brinsley Ford, whom I remember even as an undergraduate as a man of excellent taste and sensibility, has placed art lovers in his debt with his "The Drawings of Richard Wilson" (Faber and Faber; 27s. 6d.). When Richard Wilson died in 1782, he was so little regarded by his contemporaries that the *Gentleman's Magazine* only gave him two lines of obituary—"the amount of space," as Mr. Ford remarks, "usually allotted at that time to an alderman or the infant daughter of a peer." Only comparatively recently has he enjoyed a general vogue, which hitherto was restricted to a few *cognoscenti*. The finding of the Dartmouth collection of drawings, of which many examples are here illustrated, was due to luck and the pertinacity of Mr. Ford. Twenty-five out of a possible total of sixty-eight of this once-famous collection, which had lain *perdu* for a century and a half, were found in a portfolio in a cupboard at Patshull House by Lady Dartmouth—a find which Mr. Ford compares in importance to Queen Caroline's discovery of the lost Holbein drawings in a bureau at Kensington Palace.

The drawings, which deal almost entirely with Wilson's Italian period, are excellently reproduced, and are drawn not merely from the great museums, but from the private collections of Lord Dartmouth, Mr. A. E. Oppé, Mr. Ford himself, and Sir Bruce Ingram, the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*. The whole volume is as scholarly as it is elegant and important.

It was a happy thought of the National Trust to produce "Sixteen Portraits" (National Trust; 18s.). Each of these short portraits—the whole edited by L. A. G. Strong—deals with a great man (or woman, for Miss Beatrix Potter is included) whose house has been taken over by the National Trust. The houses and their one-time masters thus handled range from Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row and Disraeli's at Hughenden, to Wolfe's "Quebec House," near Westerham, and Miss Beatrix Potter's Hilltop Farm. The illustrations by Joan Hassall are charming.

Among present-day connoisseurs the name of the Duke of Wellington stands high. The fact, therefore, that he sponsors "Southampton: The English Gateway," by Bernard Knowles (Hutchinson; 15s.), is a guarantee of the quality of this excellent history of Southampton, ancient and modern.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

NEWS FROM ITALY: EVENTS BOTH SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL IN ROME.



THE BEATIFICATION OF POPE PIUS X.: THE SCENE IN ST. PETER'S AS THE GLASS CASKET CONTAINING THE BODY OF POPE PIUS X. WAS UNVEILED.

The beatification of Pope Pius X., Supreme Pontiff from 1903 until his death on August 20, 1914, took place in St. Peter's, Rome, on June 3, in the presence of many members of the College of Cardinals. In the afternoon Pope Pius XII. venerated the newly beatified Pope at a ceremony which, because of the great number of people who wished to attend it, was held in St. Peter's Square. Near the altar, which had been erected before the main

[Continued right centre.]



UNVEILED IN ST. PETER'S DURING THE BEATIFICATION CEREMONY ON JUNE 3: A PORTRAIT OF POPE PIUS X., LIT BY HUNDREDS OF LIGHTS.

[Continued.] entrance to the basilica, lay the glass coffin containing the remains of Pope Pius X. The newly beatified Pope, the son of a poor Italian farmer, is the first Supreme Pontiff to be beatified since Pius V. in 1672. During the pontificate of Pius X. reforms of the first importance were undertaken, and he was personally renowned for his piety, charity, deep humility, simplicity and pastoral zeal.

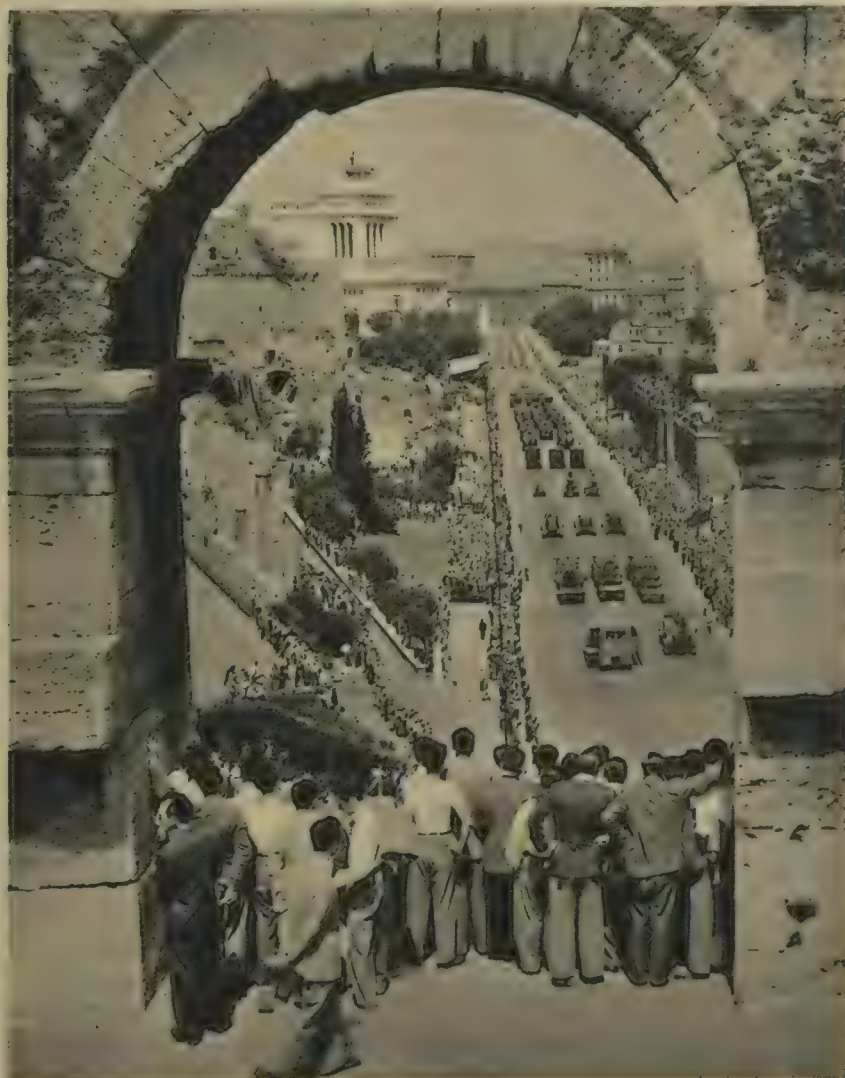


BUILT TO MARK THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF POPE PIUS XII.: THE CHURCH OF ST. EUGENE, IN ROME.



MAKING ONE OF HIS RARE APPEARANCES OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE VATICAN: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE LEAVING THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. EUGENE.

On June 2, his Holiness Pope Pius XII. celebrated Mass and consecrated a new altar in the newly-built Church of St. Eugene, named in his honour. The church was built from funds subscribed by Roman Catholics throughout the world to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the priesthood of the Pope. Our photograph shows the Pope blessing the crowd as he left the church.



ITALY CELEBRATES THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC: MECHANISED FORCES OF THE ITALIAN ARMY SEEN THROUGH AN ARCH OF THE COLOSSEUM. The fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Italian Republic was celebrated on June 2 in the chief cities of Italy with the customary military parades. A feature of the ceremony in Rome was a fly-past of 200 military aircraft which included thirty *Vampire* jet fighters. Our photograph shows mechanised forces of the Italian Army parading through Rome.

Glavya

SCOTCH LIQUEUR



Warm and genial,
friendly and kind, a
drink to linger over
... on all occasions
of hospitality.



RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

do as you like clothes



The man testing the water with his feet has on a pair of shorts with built-in bathing trunks—no changing needed, in jolly colours, sizes 30-44, from 31/-. Taking a dive are a pair of satin elastic trunks, also in many colours, price 37/6, all sizes. There's a beachrobe in the background—always useful—in plain colours or with cuffs, collar and belt in happy contrast, 99/-

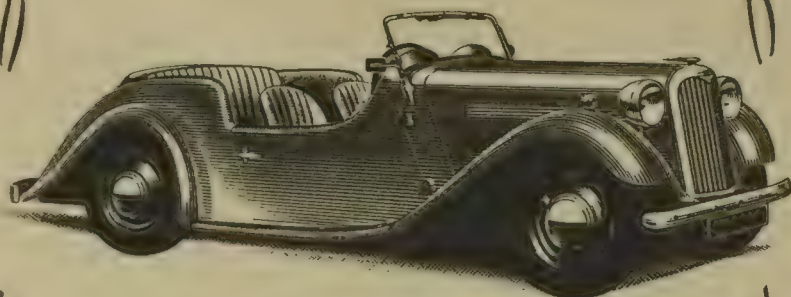
just a part of the Austin Reed service

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES
650

LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

The Singer '9' Roadster

Series 4AB



Independent front wheel suspension heads the refinements in this latest Singer Nine Roadster. With a new sweep in its lines, new upholstery—and a limited allocation for the Home Market!—the Series 4AB is more than ever a joy to own and a joy to handle.

SINGER MOTORS LTD · BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

49D



ALLEN
REGD. TRADE MARK

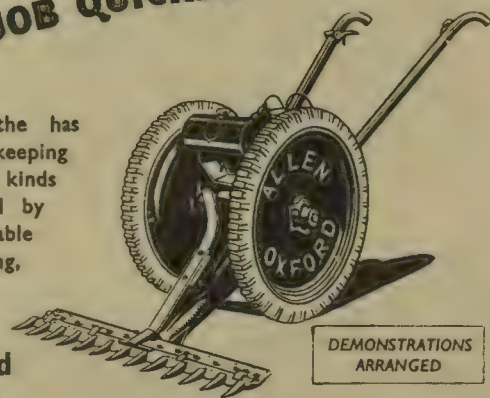
**MOTOR
SCYTHE**

DOES A BETTER JOB QUICKER

The World's finest Motor Scythe has earned an enviable reputation for keeping down coarse grass, bracken and all kinds of rough growth. Self propelled by 1.9 h.p. engine. Attachments available for spraying, hedge cutting, pumping, hoeing, sweeping, rolling, etc.

For further details write to Dept. D

John Allen & Sons (OXFORD) Ltd
COWLEY OXFORD · TEL. 7155



DEMONSTRATIONS
ARRANGED

**STOWER'S
LIME
JUICE**
DELICIOUS-HEALTHY
& REFRESHING

IT'S BETTER TO
HAVE THE BEST

Ask for

STOWER'S
Lime Juice

ALSO LEMON SQUASH
ORANGE SQUASH · GRAPE-FRUIT SQUASH
LEMON BARLEY



BY APPOINTMENT
Suppliers of
Her Majesty the Queen
ALEXANDER RIDDLE
& Co. Ltd.

MILAN (Italy)

SHOW OF CARAVAGGIO'S PAINTINGS at the Royal Palace

Open until SEPTEMBER 30

★ ★ ★

IX. TRIENNIAL INTERNATIONAL ARTS EXHIBITION

MODERN DECORATIVE AND INDUSTRIAL ART,
MODERN ARCHITECTURE

Open until JUNE 30

**There is a considerable reduction in the
prices of petrol for motorists visiting Italy.**

Information from:

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (ENIT),
1, Conduit Street, London, W.1. Travel Agencies and Ente
Provinciale Turismo, Via Dogana, 4, Milan.

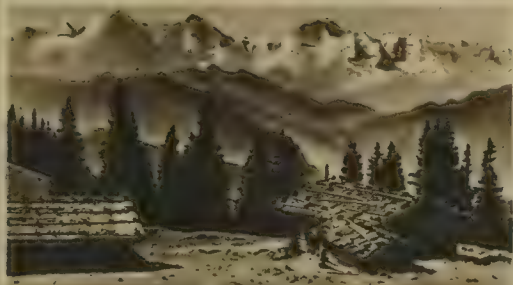


Travel in holiday mood

Let KLM fly you to your destination speedily, easily, luxuriously—the perfect start to the perfect holiday. You just step aboard and relax—no fuss—no luggage worries—no awkward time schedules. During your journey excellent food and drink are 'on the house' and you will be wonderfully well looked after. It's comfort first and fast with KLM. Flights operate from London, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.



Enquiries and reservations from all Air Travel Agents
or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street,
London, S.W.1 (Tel: SLO 3488) and at Birmingham,
Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.



400 Hotels

in a number of ideal Holiday
resorts. Lake bathing on
lakes of Thun and Brienz.
Yachting school.

20 mountain railways

and funiculars, right on
to the roof of Europe,
11,333 ft. a.s.

BERNESE OBERLAND Switzerland

★ Electrically-heated swimming pools in alpine resorts.

★ Asphaltd motor roads up to 6,300 f.a.s.

★ All gaming in the Kursaal-Casinos can be practised.

MEDIUM ALL-INCL. PENSION RATES £1 · 6 · 0 per day.

Information: Bernese Oberland Tourist Office, Interlaken. Travel Offices
and The Swiss National Tourist Office, 458/9, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Adelboden
4,600 ft

Swimming Pool — Tennis

New Chairlift, Piz Schwandfeld

Dustfree Automobile road

—Boarding Schools—Children's Homes—16 Hotels

(Min. incl. terms) 7 days Frs. 89.— to 162.—

GSTAAD

(Bernese Oberland)

The ideal centre for a real holiday. Tennis—
Swimming—Approach Golf—Amusements—All incl.
rates from Fr. 17.—

WENGEN Palace

—Bernese Oberland 4,300 ft. Leading hotel of
Jungfrau Region. Marvellous and unique situation. Renowned cuisine. Bar,
Tennis, Swimming, Dancing. F. Borter, Man.-Propr.

IVA ZURICH



Wines of Welcome

Two fine wines to grace your table . . .

PAARL AMBER HOCK, clean, fresh and fragrant.

VELDT BURGUNDY, soft and full. Both from
South Africa at 8/- a bottle.



Shippers of Empire

Wines for 80 years.



MADE BY RAYNER AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18



... awaits you for your holidays ...

A CONSIDERABLE REDUCTION IN THE PRICES OF PETROL FOR MOTORISTS VISITING ITALY.

- Hotels and pensions of all grades with reasonable tariffs.
- Fast internal and international communications.



Information from: { Italian State Tourist Office (ENIT),
1, Conduit Street, London, W.1, and any Travel Agency.



BY APPOINTMENT
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF CLOTHING
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

APPRECIATION

The man who buys a Burberry Suit does so because he expects superlative materials of the richest quality.

In addition, he expects, and receives, faultless tailoring... a perfection of fit which lasts throughout the long life of his suit.

Lounge suits in rich quality Tweeds and Saxonies, ready to try on. Commencing at £25. 9s. 0d

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: WHitehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD



Winching Stone

WINCH IT BETTER

see the engine's

MADE BY

PETTER

Petrol, vaporizing oil and diesel from 1½ b.h.p. to 40 b.h.p.
— air and water cooled.



PETTERS LIMITED · STAINES · MIDDLESEX

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

(Still dependent on Public Support)

Feeding 7,000 boys and girls calls for a deep purse! May we feed a child in your name for a few days?

10/-

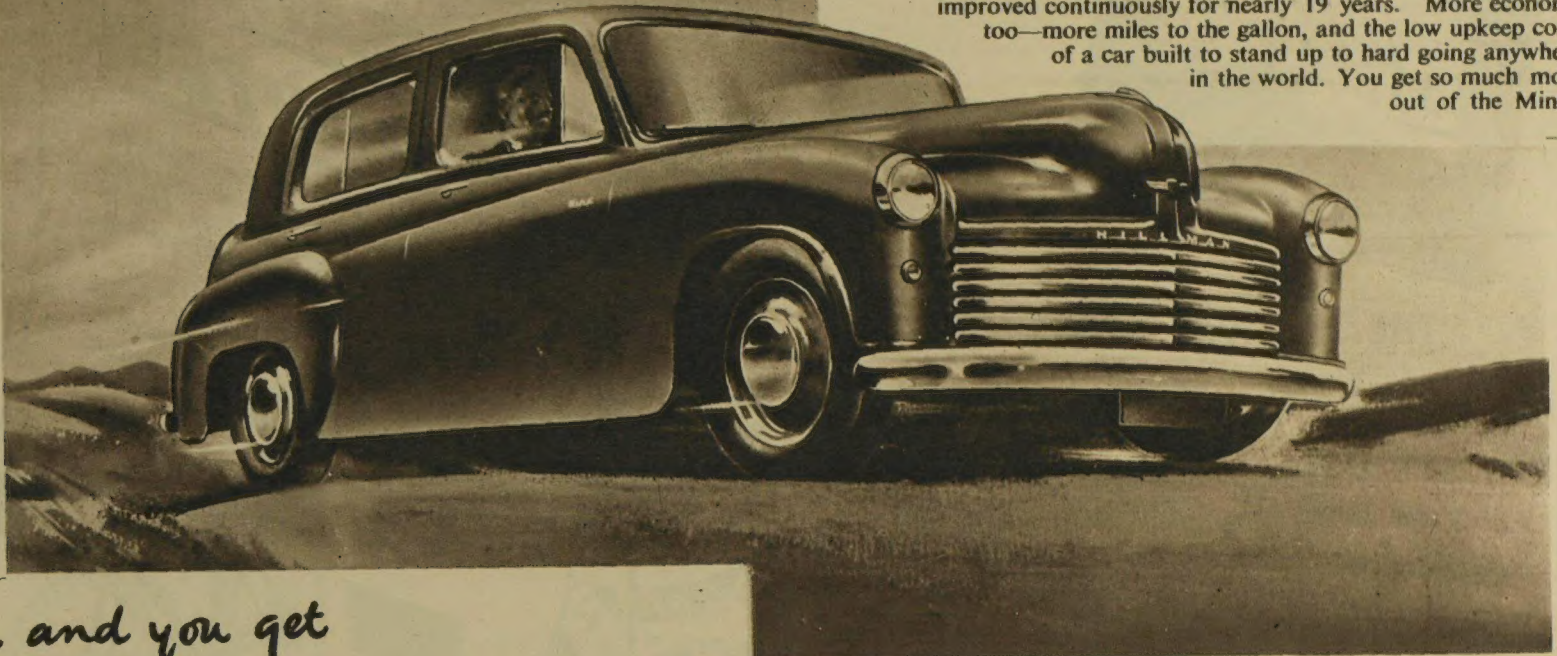
will buy one child's food for five days

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 92 BARNARDO HOUSE, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.



*You get so much more
out of the Minx!*

... more power when it is most needed—at the start and on the hills, thanks to the famous Minx plus-power engine. More reliability—because the Minx has been proved and improved continuously for nearly 19 years. More economy too—more miles to the gallon, and the low upkeep costs of a car built to stand up to hard going anywhere in the world. You get so much more out of the Minx!



*... and you get
So much more into it!*

Measured by its riding comfort, its perfect vision, its looks and feel, the Minx is a big car. Every inch is used to good advantage—from the wide divan-type front seat to the spacious enclosed luggage accommodation. Yet no full size family car was ever so easy to park or manoeuvre in traffic, so economical to run. You get so much more into the Minx!

THE HILLMAN

MINX MAGNIFICENT

SALOON £425 plus purchase tax. ALSO CONVERTIBLE COUPE & ESTATE CAR

CRAFTSMAN-BUILT BY THE ROOTES GROUP

HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD. COVENTRY LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LIMITED, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE PICCADILLY LONDON W1



There's more
to the game
when you play
with ...

SPALDING

Chosen for the Festival

A. G. SPALDING & BROS. LIMITED (Est. 1876)

FAMOUS QUEENS *by famous Masters*

QUEEN
NOFRETETE

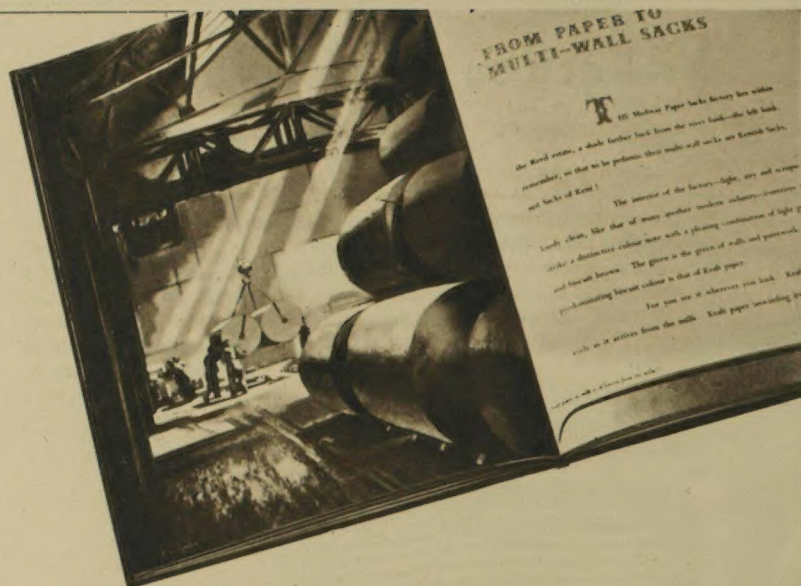
by
an artist of the Amarna
Period.
(Berlin Museum)



HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY BY
MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
Distillers - Leith - Scotland





"THE MEDWAY STORY"

This delightfully illustrated book tells the story of the multi-wall paper sack from pine forest to industrial consumer. It is available to all executives interested in modern packaging. Please write for your copy to:—



MEDWAY PAPER SACKS

Division of the REED Paper Group

MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD., LARKFIELD, NEAR MAIDSTONE, KENT



In this Festival year, Britain invites the world to see its achievements and contributions to civilisation in the Arts, in Architecture, in Science and Technology, and in Industrial Design.

Hercules Cycles are exhibited at the Festival of Britain, South Bank, as representative of Britain's Finest. "Hercules Cycles are the WONDER WHEELS of the World!"

Hercules

The Finest Bicycle Built To-day

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM 6

DO SHRIMPS MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS?



We don't know, but we do know that when caught, selected, peeled and potted they make remarkably tasty morsels—a teatime delicacy, cocktail snack or hors d'oeuvre. Obtainable direct from our fisheries, 6/- and 11/- post free.

YOUNG'S POTTED SHRIMPS
The Fisheries,
Cartmel, Morecambe Bay.

LONDON ORDERS:
1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3

Youngs
Potted Shrimps
YOUNGS Producers of the
FINEST POTTED SHRIMPS



**OVERSEAS
SHIPPING**

When calling at these Canadian Ports
HALIFAX - SAINT JOHN - MONTREAL
QUEBEC - VANCOUVER - VICTORIA

**British Consols or
"EXPORT" cigarettes**

at competitive prices "In Bond" for
passenger and crew use.

MACDONALD'S - SINCE 1858

Rheumatism Relieved By Commonsense Eating

"COMMONSENSE EATING FOR RHEUMATIC
SUFFERERS"—By G. R. Lane, M.A. (Cantab).

Here is a book, written by an expert, telling you in simple language the foods to eat that will actually help to relieve your Rheumatism. No strenuous dieting is recommended, but just commonsense eating. Thousands have benefited by reading this book, which should be in the hands of everyone suffering from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago or Gout. It will be sent to you post free, for the modest sum of 6d. SEND NOW 6d. in stamps, and begin a new era of health.

Contents.

1. Foods which kill Uric Acid.
2. How much water should be taken daily.
3. Advice about Bread and Sugar.
4. Foods to eat and foods to avoid.
5. The proper use of milk.
6. Celery vital for all forms of Rheumatism—amazing benefit effected.
7. A cleansing diet.
8. Complete diet scheme for one month.

USE THE COUPON TO-DAY and secure your copy of
"COMMONSENSE EATING FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS,"
the book that has effected so much relief in so many cases.

To: G. R. LANE, M.A. (Cantab), Dept I.L.A.
HORTON ROAD, GLOUCESTER.

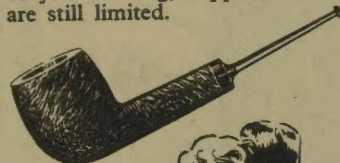
Please send me a copy of "Commonsense Eating for Rheumatic Sufferers" post free, for which I enclose 6d. in stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

Barling
LONDON 1812

A sweet pipe, a comfortable pipe. A craftsman-made Barling, perfectly balanced, giving pleasure from the very first fill. Take care of your Barling, supplies are still limited.



The perfect
gift for
Father



June 17th.

B. BARLING & SONS
Pipe makers in London since 1812

**AMATEUR
PHOTOGRAPHERS**

**POST your FILMS to
WILL R. ROSE LTD**

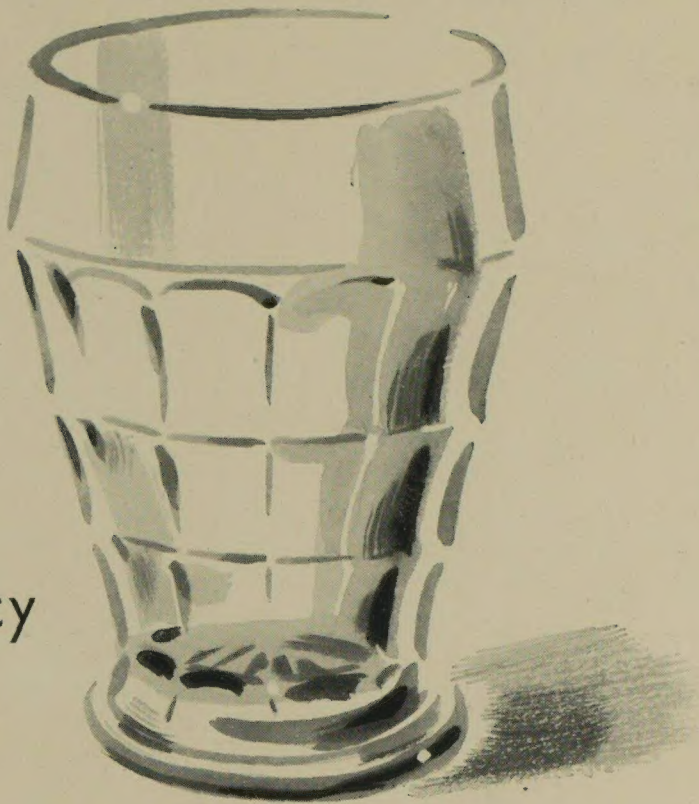
23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER
133/134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

and get
'MAGNA PRINTS'
(Regd)

There are over
90,000 Receiving
Stations—your
nearest pillar box
is one of them!



one
empty
glass



and dozens of lemon squashes on the market . . . but only one of them can give you, long drink or short, **Schweppes** (that's a secret between Schweppes and plump Sicilian lemons)

Schweppes Fruit Squashes

True-to-the-Fruit



Orange. Lemon. Grapefruit. Lime Juice Cordial (3/- per bottle)
Lemon Barley (2/9 per bottle)

Frequent Services **PLUS** British Airmanship



THAT'S WHY
EXPERIENCED TRAVELLERS
FLY BRITISH

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION AND
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

offer services to and from nearly 70 countries



Where
every
prospect
pleases

To take tea or
cocktails on the terrace,
to watch in comfort the
prowess of the players on the
short course, to see the shadows
lengthen on the green — these are
but a few of the pleasant
relaxations at the Palace.

Write for Brochure 'D' Manager: George Conquest
Phone: Torquay 2271.

The **Palace Hotel**
Torquay

SAY

"Noilly
Prat"

... and your
'French'
will be perfect!

The real start of Dry Martinis
and other drinks with a
"French" accent.

Make sure you get Noilly Prat — real full
strength vermouth. Subtle, distinctly dry, it is
the vermouth which has made "French"
famous throughout the world.

Yes, always ask for Noilly Prat and you'll get full strength
vermouth — not less than 31% proof spirit, blended and
bottled in the large bottle in France.

NOILLY PRAT

REAL FRENCH VERMOUTH

IMPORTED BY WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

harmful sun dazzle

safe POLAROID vision



*** POLAROID** dayglasses & sunshields

Dangerous sun dazzle is automatically absorbed by the unique light polarization properties of Polaroid Dayglasses and Sunshields. Ordinary sunglasses dim and distort the view, whereas safe Polaroid Dayglasses and Sunshields reveal every detail and colour in crystal-clear clarity giving safe, restful and perfect vision. Yachtsmen will appreciate the wide angle vision of Polaroid Dayglasses and Sunshields, which allow only true light and colour to reach your eyes.

Obtainable from CHEMISTS, OPTICIANS, SPORTS DEALERS, & DEPARTMENTAL STORES everywhere

* Regd. Trade-Mark of Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

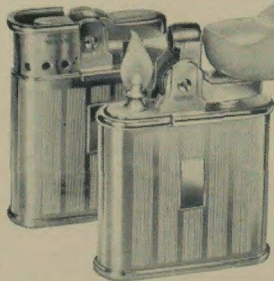
before buying, ask to see the genuine POLAROID test!

POLARIZERS (UNITED KINGDOM) LIMITED, 186 ACTON LANE, HARLES DEN, LONDON, N.W.10

Why successful men choose Ronson ✱

Shield up for outdoors
—down for indoors

Press, it's lit—Release, it's out!



✱ Successful people are seldom at a loss! For example, the man who lights up first time every time in the breezy outdoors. Almost invariably he has a Ronson Whirlwind. With its sliding windproof shield up, it lights and stays alight in any weather. Shield down, this jewellery finished, precision-built Ronson is a handsome indoor lighter, too. From 43/6.

A tested success! Every Ronson part is inspected or tested at least 10 times during manufacture and assembly—to make sure your Ronson will give you perfect performance and lasting reliability. All Ronsons are backed throughout their long life by the unique Ronson after-sales service.

June 17th... Give a **RONSON**

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**


When it's an occasion . . .

Morning Suits for Sale or Hire

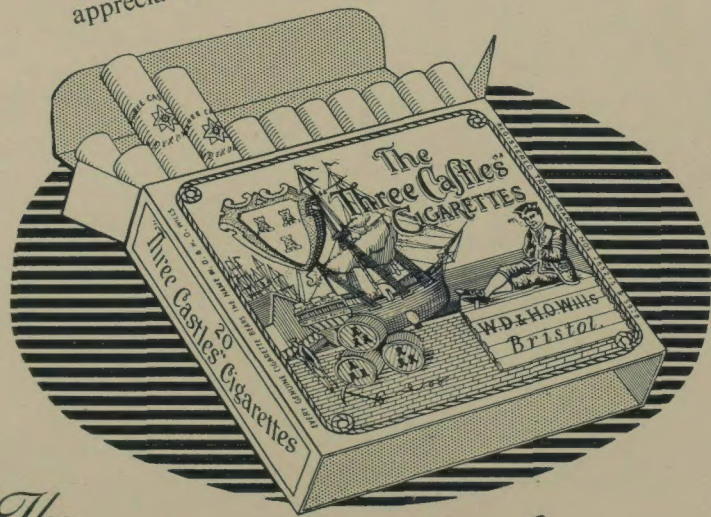
MOSS BROS
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
Garrick & Bedford Streets, W.C.2.
Temple Bar 4477
AND BRANCHES



...and we'd like some **THREE CASTLES**

Note that significant "we" . . . clear token of agreement . . . her taste . . . his preference . . . unanimous in appreciation of a fine cigarette.



The **"THREE CASTLES"** Cigarettes

20 for 3/10

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

T72371